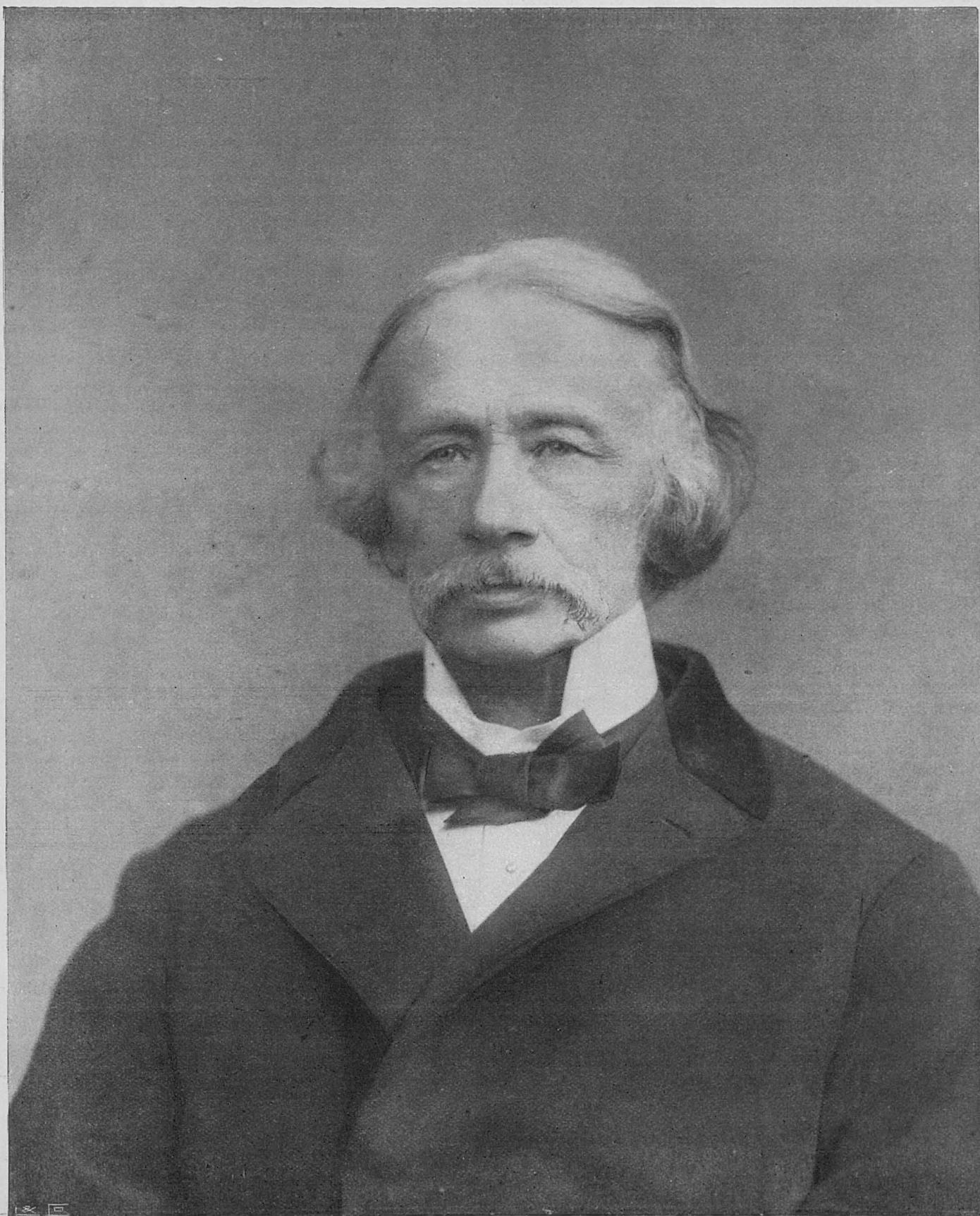




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SIXPENCE.
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THE LATE MR. COVENTRY PATMORE, AUTHOR OF "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

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A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I see that M. Jules Lemaître is on the side of the soul-snatchers. He has been discoursing in the *Figaro* on the modern practice of unearthing the secrets of the dead, chiefly in the form of private correspondence; and he puts in a considerable plea for the biographical habit of opening tombs. "Have the dead no rights?" is a question to which M. Lemaître has a very simple answer. It is all one to the occupant of a tomb whether his private letters are published or not. To suppose that he lies there blushing at disclosures is merely to proclaim our good opinion of our own delicacy. When the younger Dumas borrowed a bundle of letters, written by George Sand to Chopin, and burnt them without the leave of the owner, he posed as one who does a good turn to the fame of the dead; but the act was no better than a vainglorious advertisement of his own taste. Luckily, there is no end to the letters of George Sand; they come foaming into print like sentimental rapids, in which various eminent men of her time attempted to swim, with no marked success. She was haunted by a dread that her temperament was lymphatic; and so she ran through four grand passions in a single year simply to rouse herself from a paralysing calm. Why should not the world study this interesting phenomenon? Why lay an embargo on the correspondence of ladies who kept catalogues of amours, as long as Leporello's, just to save themselves from death by inanition?

You may denur that this method of soul-snatching is prejudicial to the memory of the illustrious persons who are lying in tombs. M. Lemaître pooh-poohs the objection. Are we not pleased, more or less candidly, to find the dead so human? Do we not absolve their errors, downright crimes, of course, being excluded from the amnesty? Do any but the "unco guid" fling stones at Burns? Besides, as M. Lemaître acutely observes, we often have a little account to settle with bygone genius. The genius, in his or her lifetime, was exalted above us; our turn comes, when he or she is in the grave; and, while draping the tombstone with the mantle of charity, we are much more at our ease to note that genius may have peccadilloes like the average man and woman. It will not do for the living Lothario to shelter himself behind the example of the dead Burns; but when he, too, is turned to dust, his biographical slate need not be visited by the commiserating sponge. The philosophy of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, you perceive, is altogether too narrow. Let us hear what the dead have to tell; let us ransack the tombs for any scrap of paper, good or ill; but when the documents disclose the adventures of a lymphatic temperament in search of stimulus, why make an outcry at publication? If we ever appreciated the poets and romancers thus revealed, their work has new emotions for us in the light of the commentary we have snatched from oblivion; if we have never appreciated them, our judgment on their private lives is qualified by death. Death, indeed, is the only real biographer, because he sets thought and act in proper perspective, even when the tombs are pouring out compromising epistles.

This is infinitely comforting, though you may have the faintest suspicion that it is the satisfaction of the literary man in the assurance of an ever-widening field of entertaining speculation. I go a little further than M. Lemaître, and maintain that, if the documented dead were to come to life again, they would be rather pleased by the commotion their private affairs had made in the world. A popular novelist, some time deceased, walks one afternoon into the office of his publisher, and, when the first surprises at his advent are over, inquires about the posthumous sale of his works. He is a little depressed, let us say, by the figures, for, since his day, other popular novelists have come up, the vogue in fiction has changed, and his masterpieces are not thumbed as they used to be by the eager multitude. "There is a new volume, however," says the publisher, with some embarrassment, "in which you are concerned. It is having quite—hem!—quite an extensive sale." "Indeed!" remarks the novelist. "I don't remember leaving any unfinished story. Somebody has written my biography, I suppose." "It isn't your biography; that has been out of print for years; it is a collection of"—here the publisher indulges in a dilatory sneeze—"of—hem!—I fear they might be called love-letters, which you appear to have written to a lady who was once an ornament of the perfumery business." "By Jove!" gasps the novelist. "You haven't got hold of *them*! She swore to me she had burnt them." "They were found in a bandbox, I believe," says the publisher, "by the lady's aunt. So the editor assures us in his introduction." "Edited—ye gods!" "Yes, with copious notes, and a glossary of tender but extremely—hem!—original expressions." "And what—what do the critics say?" asks the visitor in a choking voice. "Oh, they're all

right. They say the letters reveal a vein of genius quite distinct from, and even superior to, your acknowledged writings. The *Daily Meltzer* gave two columns to the book, under the heading of 'Why Blush for the Dead?'" "And the sale is good?" "Very; and now you've come back—" "It will be prodigious, eh? Excellent. Letters, if I am not mistaken, are the property of the writer. Why blush for the living? I'll look in at the club."

An American journal holds the British race up to odium for having adopted the word "bike." "Bike" is supposed to be the abbreviation of "bicycle." Our critic asks why, on the same principle, "Great Britain" should not be shortened to "Grab." A very pretty thrust! "Grab" might be commended by the sardonic foreigner as a telegraphic address for the British Government. "Bike," alas! comes with distressing readiness to the tongue of the English cyclist, though why it should be easier to say "bike" than "bicycle" I cannot divine. I have always had a horror even of "bus," and maintain that it is possible to say "omnibus" without pedantic affectation. But when I saw that Mr. Barry Pain had suggested "mobus" as a convenient contraction for "automobile omnibus," I felt that it was an inspiration. Despite its novelty, "mobus" has a classical air; moreover, it is so euphonious that it seems to set the spheres a-tinkling. I would rather die than advise a benighted stranger to take "a blue 'bus'; but "a blue mobus" would drop from my lips like a flower.

I wonder that Mr. Grant Allen has not noticed that, while the Celt has an instinct for the musical accord of speech, the modern Saxon seems always afraid of having his mouth full of syllables. This, I believe, is the secret of the devastating spread of "bike." To the Celtic ear such a word is simply an ugly noise; it commands itself to the Saxon because it is brief and gruff. The average Englishman likes you to believe that he is a man of few words because he despises fluency and even distinct articulation. There is "a splendid isolation" in his tongue. Now "bike" and beer—but I must check this controversial strain before it inflames racial animosities. The abbreviation or distortion of words is a mighty maze without a plan. The man who talks of his "bike" does not ask you to have some "oysts," when his hospitable soul is bent on oysters. Nay, some Saxon journalists can never speak of oysters save as "delicious bivalves." Again I am in danger of provoking an eruption of angry patriotism! Let me hasten to congratulate all lovers of oysters on the official declaration that most of our oyster-beds are free from sewage. Let us all congratulate one another that some medical genius did not discover a special germ, and christen it "typhoysterphoid"!

If it were part of our boasted education to teach every boy and girl to articulate words of three and even four syllables without effort, this craving for "bike" might not be so eager. There are some of our players who never utter the word "circumstances" without making me suspect that they would rather say "cires." Perhaps the drama of the future will be entirely monosyllabic. But every lover of diction must see that mechanical science is one of its greatest enemies. When a new engine is invented, some affectionate curtailment of its professional name is inevitable. When the flying-machine comes into general use, it will be christened with a diminutive. Why not call it a "flike"? Should this suggestion strike the world as felicitous, I shall accept my blushing honours with mournful resignation. It is no use struggling for the purity of the language when new names have to be found for new vehicles. So an enthusiast for the motor-car extols the pleasures of "motoring," and nobody falls him to the earth!

We are threatened with a motor-car Derby; and I am wondering whether the English love of horseflesh will stand this invasion of the sacred Turf. Even the Anti-Gambling League may admit that a race-horse is a beautiful creature, while no one will pretend that a gig, moved by machinery, transports the eye. Mr. Harry Lawson compares a motor-car Derby to the chariot-racing of the ancients, a suggestion which shows how "motoring" may demoralise the aesthetic conscience! But if we are to have this mechanical exhibition on Epsom Downs, how are the "bookies" to describe the competitors? You can't expect the average racing-man to cry, "Two to one bar one" on the motor-car. It must have a brief and familiar appellation; and here I come to the rescue again. As the costermonger calls his donkey a "moke," why shouldn't the "bookie" call the motor-car a "mote"? I seem to hear the refrain of a music-hall song—

Didn't we have a beano?
Didn't we have some fun?
Didn't we all enjoy ourselves
When my mote won?

And to think it may be my destiny to enrich the language thus!

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MR. COVENTRY PATMORE.

Mr. Coventry Patmore died a few days ago at his delightful old house at Lymington. In front of the house was the Solent, and at the back-door was the New Forest. Nothing could have been found to fit the poet's tastes better, and he loved to pace his garden, with its broad walks and its big-branched trees, whenever he could withdraw himself from the little study in which he passed most of his time with his favourite books, the works of Thomas Aquinas and Swedenborg among them. Not many newspapers came into his house, though of late years he resumed some of his outer interests, came to London at intervals, and made himself acquainted with the newest movements and fashions among men and women of letters. What he found to please him he told all the world in magazine articles; a good deal pleased him in fiction, and, if he found little to his mind in poetry, he made amends by liking that little very much. It would be impossible to mention that barely furnished room in the big old house at Lymington without remembering this—that it had a constant odour of tobacco. Never could you catch the poet without a cigarette—unless you caught him asleep; and if he awoke in the middle of the night, sleeplessness had that beloved solace close at hand.

Born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1823, Coventry Kearsy Dighton Patmore came of one of those "City" families to whom we owe so many great men of his own generation. The Patmores were in business on Ludgate Hill, but Peter George Patmore, the poet's father, left the silversmithy for the library, and died an editor who had relations with nearly all the men of letters of his time. That was in 1855, when his son had already become famous as the author of "The Angel in the House." No book of poetry had so instant a popularity—a popularity it has still maintained, witness the sale of over a hundred thousand copies in this country alone within the last ten years. Coventry Patmore wrote his own love-story, and that of Emily Andrews, daughter of a Congregational minister, in that book. The names were altered, and a Dean figured in place of a Dissenting Doctor of Divinity. The Deanery was too respectable for poetry, of course; but Coventry Patmore the Realist insisted on every detail, down to "the florin to the willing guard" on the honeymoon journey; while Coventry Patmore the Idealist gave in brief snatches that philosophy of life and love, of the really "kindred points of Heaven and Home," of the mystical application of religious dogma to the facts and acts of daily living, which he developed later in "The Unknown Eros," and which give him his place among seers. It is that Coventry Patmore who has yet to be understood before his place can be assigned to him on the scroll of England's men of master mind.

Coventry Patmore was a little bit of an architect, a little bit of a farmer, and a connoisseur of pictures and of precious stones; a theologian who added instruction to learning, an eager reader of works of philosophy and of science; and all these things he turned to account in his essays on "The Principles of Art," and in his more creative volumes of prose, "Religio Poetae" and "Rod, Root, and Flower." On his estate at Heron's Ghyll, in Sussex, he carried out, under his own personal direction, a great deal of building; he made roads and lakes; he cut down timber to open out his view by miles all over his own property, and he planted 140,000 trees, for which future generations in the locality will bless him. Not often has so abstruse a thinker and so exquisite a poet been so practical a man—fond of sport, with an eye of his own for the poacher; a clubman; and, as a talker, one who held his own among men of the world, though he came into the world only at moments from an almost monastic seclusion. A mystic, he yet was an assistant librarian for twenty years; a visionary, he yet contributed to the columns of *Punch*.

That was in early days, of course. But, in later years, there were flashes of dinner-table talk that friends reflected on to the pages of *Punch*. Indeed, Mr. Patmore would complain (but never without a twinkle in his eye) that the only really popular lines he ever wrote were some impromptu ones in satire of the telegrams of the old Emperor William to his Augusta during the Franco-German War, and ending—

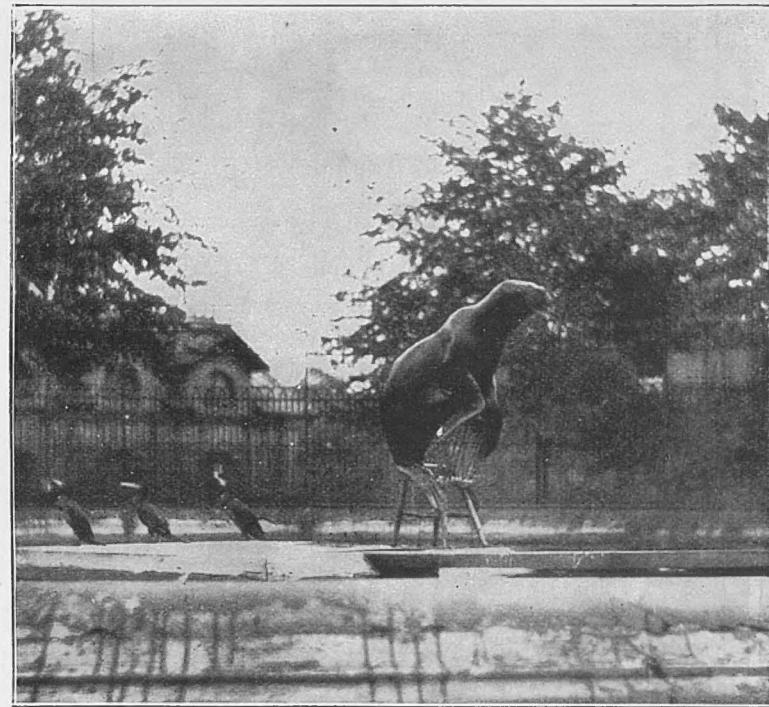
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below—
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

Once in print, the four lines were everywhere copied and translated, and they now find a place in the serious histories of the war. Such is fame!

Mr. Coventry Patmore, the laureate of domestic love, was himself thrice married. The "angel" herself died in 1865. Three years later he married a daughter of Mr. Justice Byles, who, like himself, was a convert to the Roman Catholic Church; she was a ward and a great friend of Archdeacon, afterwards Cardinal, Manning; indeed, she was the lady to whom the Cardinal was said to have himself proposed before he became a priest—a piece of idle gossip he denounces in a document published since his death. Left a widower a second time, Mr. Patmore married Miss Harriet Robson, long an intimate friend of the family. By her he leaves one young son, and of the six children his first wife bore him four survive. Two of these are daughters, the most devoted a man ever had; one of them, Miss Bertha Patmore, having a skill as an illuminator to which her father's old friend, Mr. Ruskin, has paid public homage. Of the two sons, one is named Tennyson, after his godfather, the poet; and the other Monckton Milnes, after the late Lord Houghton, in old days his father's great friend. A third son, Henry, died in early life, but not until he had written some verses, which his father printed at the end of the complete edition of his own works; indeed, with his characteristic exaggeration of generosity, Mr. Coventry Patmore used to say that he would have been known to posterity, had his son lived, as Henry Patmore's father.

TOBY THE SEA-LION.

If the inhabitants of the "Zoo" issued a newspaper, big letters on the posters would announce this week that the "Charley's Aunt" of their world was dead. If the inhabitants of the "Zoo" had issued programmes or bills of their daily performances, then Toby the Sea-lion could have demanded his name in any size of "caps." he cared, and at any distance from the names of the collective company he liked. He was the finest clown in the finest collection of animals on earth, and played his part with a heavy, unconscious, droll, clownish cleverness that drew a crowd with the speed and certainty of a hair-flying street row. He came to the "Zoo" as a youngster of three, and has been there for the last seventeen years, splashing and circumnavigating his pond, ascending awkwardly by his flippers his weather-worn chair, with all the pride necessary to ascend a throne, and diving from there to adroitly catch or miss his dinner of whittings, as his keeper, Mr. Henry Webb, told him to. Twenty years does not seem a great age, but it is a



TOBY THE SEA-LION.

Photo by Mr. A. H. Benham.

century for a Sea-lion, and Toby died with his eyes dim and his sight gone, his body rickety and imprinted with the marks of age. He was a native of the Falkland Islands, where his kith and kin thrive and provide ladies with sealskin jackets. Captain Cook's sailors saw them, and gave them the name of Sea-lion, which for common people is more serviceable than *Otaria jubata*, their scientific title. The King is dead; long live the King! "Toby" is dead, and "Fanny" succeeds; but it will take her some time to fill the King's throne, although it be only an old, weather-worn chair.

TIRED LOVE.

Tho' you are fair as few are fair,
A maid by men to be desired,
I strive no longer to declare
The wonder of your eyes and hair—
For Love is tired.

I mind me when the summer shone,
And both our hearts were passion-fired,
I dreamed of you from dusk till dawn,
From dawn till dusk—but summer's gone,
And Love is tired.

And you? Well, you are weary too
Of perfect days o'er oft acquired—
The very heavens were tiresome-true
If viewed alone in gold and blue—
So Love grew tired.

'Twas sweet! but we have lost the day
When our two raptured souls aspired
To something nobler than the clay
That bounds earth's common, selfish way—
For Love grew tired.

Good-bye—'tis almost sad—it seems
So pitiful, this flame expired.
Yet now we scorn Joy's worn-out themes;
Our hearts sleep far too deep for dreams—
For Love is tired.

J. J. BELL.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Mr. George Edwardes' provincial "Geisha" company is at the Grand Theatre this and next week, where it is sure to get crowded houses, just as it has done elsewhere. In another part of this issue will be found pictures of some of the principals.

Audacity in a dramatist certainly is a quality to be commended, and consequently the authors (or author) of "The Kiss of Delilah" are entitled to some admiration. The idea of the most tragic part of their



POSTER FOR MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' "GEISHA" COMPANY ON TOUR.

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play, of causing the four principal characters to play a game of hide-and-seek, is certainly one that would have occurred to few ordinary playwrights. Nor is this the only instance of their courage. To take a really well-known historical character like Robespierre, and present him in a guise wholly different from that which history teaches, is something of an exploit. That such doughty deeds did not result in a play to which one could truly apply the term brilliant is regrettable.

It appears to me that the very size of the stage at Drury Lane affected the play seriously. The half-dozen people upon whom the play rests seemed almost lost in the museum of splendid pieces of furniture that was supposed to do service as the *salon* of an actress. Certainly it was a very happy thought to induce Mr. Litchfield to lend some real pieces of Louis XV. and XVI. furniture, and give us something that interested the eyes during the evening. One would like to know what caused the author to choose Robespierre for the central figure of his play, and, having chosen him, to recklessly alter the circumstances of his life and distort his character. I do not hold a brief for Robespierre, who certainly was a wonderfully unlovable person; but, after all, he was a great man in some aspects, and it is rather hard to see him belittled. It is even somewhat malicious to have made the butcher Legendre talk about football as if it were a popular eighteenth century French game. Would these and other anachronisms and wilful inaccuracies have mattered much if the play had been really powerful? I think not. Unfortunately, although some of the scenes and situations are dramatic in effect, there is a lack of constructive skill shown in the play, and, in consequence, there is really no growth of interest in it, no sense of movement towards the goal that should be happiness or death. There is some effort, no doubt, made to suggest the approach of the ruin of Robespierre that proves to be the safety of the lovers, but it is somewhat pitilessly forced on one that the revolution against the "sea-green monster" has changed from mere murmuring in the tribune to acts of murderous violence elsewhere in about ten minutes. Still, with a few hints from some more practised and modern hand, the playwright might convert his piece into a decidedly effective melodrama.

Probably, on a smaller stage, the acting would have seemed very good; as it was, none of the players seemed quite able to fill the stage. Miss Hilda Spong, who made a good impression in "The Duchess of Coolgardie," showed rather her gift for acting than knowledge of

the art of acting. Some of her effects displayed considerable power, and there is no doubt that, under wise direction, she will become a valuable addition to our stage. That Mr. Hermann Vezin would be impressive and vigorous as Robespierre, everyone expected. Miss Edith Jordan made quite a hit by her very lively, clever acting. Mr. Edward O'Neill gave a strong piece of character-acting as the scowlingest of villains. Mr. T. B. Thalberg made one regret that his part of Talma was not more developed.

To-morrow week Miss Annie Hughes will give a special matinée of Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Sweet Nancy," at the Criterion Theatre, assisted by Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Helen Ferrier, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Martin Harvey, Miss Henrietta Cowen, and other artists. Miss Annie Hughes has not played the part of Nancy for some years; but the public ought to be glad to see this singularly engaging young actress in any part that gives scope to her talent. On the same occasion Mr. Martin Harvey will present, for the first time in London, a one-act play entitled "An Old Song," written by Mr. Freeman Wills, brother of the late W. G. Wills, in collaboration with Mr. Fitzmaurice King. The "Old Song" is the "Marseillaise," and the hero of the piece, which is purely romantic, is Rouget de l'Isle. Mr. Harvey will be supported by Miss May Whitty and Miss N. de Silva.

Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, the Allmers in the production of "Little Eyolf," comes to us with an American reputation, albeit he can call himself English, for he was born at the little village of Hampton, on the banks of the Thames. Celtic descent probably accounts for much of his talent, for he is the grandson of the Countess of Pomfret, who married the little Irishman who was Rector of the once fashionable Belgrave Chapel, and it was his second son, Frank, who was Mr. Courtenay Thorpe's father. Mr. Thorpe was educated first in England, but later went to Paris, after which he studied for a year in Germany, and then returned to England. Here he made his début in the theatrical world, afterwards accompanying Miss Rosina Vokes on her first American tour, and for seven years being her leading man. Then with Miss Coghlan he scored great successes, and shortly after leaving her company created the part of Oswald in "Ghosts," a performance which roused the greatest enthusiasm in New York, Boston, and other cities. Mr. Thorpe has also scored in a triple bill of "Reading a Tragedy," "The Light that Failed," and "Dorothy's Lovers," and in



MDLLE. ELANDI AS BRÜNNHILDE.

Photo by Rosemount, Leeds.

"The Story of a Sin" he was as successful as an author as he was as an actor. He is engaged for Mr. Leslie's forthcoming production of "The Pilgrim's Progress" at the Olympic.

"The Valkyrie" was produced for the first time in Edinburgh by the Carl Rosa Company on Wednesday, and I hear it was, on the whole, a success. Mr. Hedmondt was the Siegmund, Miss Alice Esty the Sieglinde, and Mdlle. Elandi the Brünnhilde. Miss Kirkby Lunn, who was so good in "Shamus O'Brien" at the Opera Comique, figured as Fricka.

"LITTLE EYOLF."

BY OUR OWN CRITIC.

After all, Ibsen is delightfully stimulating. Plays come and go—or come and stay—and the critics may differ in opinion about them. Occasionally there is some appearance of excitement and hope of civil war among the critics, as in the case of "The Sign of the Cross"; but

it requires the famous Norwegian to stir up healthy, vigorous feeling. There was a sort of Donnybrook air about the play-tasters at the Avenue, and I doubt whether any of them kept strictly within the bounds of his real opinion. Those who praised put on a few extra adjectives to meet the excess of abuse which they anticipated; and perhaps those who attacked hit harder than they felt that truth demanded, in order to get what they deem fair play. It seems curious that those who find Ibsen of such importance that each of his works causes them more indignation than a dozen ordinary bad plays, still pretend that he is not a writer of great ability.

Of course, everyone felt a little curious and anxious: the champagne speech, though short, is rather startling, and might have had a disturbing reception. Yet in an ordinary play it would have seemed unimportant. Probably there is no greater proof of the intense reality of even the symbolical plays than the fact that any passage which approaches delicate matters seems painfully risky, though far stronger things might be uttered—and are—in minor works without attracting attention. Poor Nora's phrase and Dr. Rank's answer about the stockings caused worthy folk to shudder who laughed at a play the foundation of which is a pair of corsets, and have gazed at leagues of stockingless legs on the stage without a blush.

Some of the virtuous critics pretend that the speeches of alleged impropriety will do harm, and then set them out verbatim, with explanatory comments to reinforce them and thus give a publicity far beyond reach of the stage. However, my subject is hardly the supposed impropriety of the piece, in which some writers have failed to notice anything save its few passages on dangerous subjects. Nevertheless, I hesitate to express opinions about the strange tragedy that is perhaps a masterpiece. A man so unfortunate as to be moved easily to dimness of the eyes by painful scenes on the stage, and affected for many minutes afterwards, feels some grudge against a play, however splendid, which causes him rather severe mental suffering.

Certainly I have a grudge against "Little Eyolf"; but even the tears in my eyes could not blind me to the horrible force of the first act and the extraordinary interest of the others. Ibsen is one of the few dramatists whose works are worth reading and yet gain greatly by actual presentation; and, although one knew and had thought over almost every word of Mr. Archer's admirable translation, there was hardly a passage that did not get fresh life and force. It was very painful to listen to the vivisection of the souls of Rita and Alfred, yet fascinating. What a blessing to be a commonplace person and able to deceive oneself as to the true motives of one's conduct!

One noticeable matter was the fulfilment of the Ibsen tradition of actor-making. On Sunday few of us had heard of Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, and now, by his performance of a terribly difficult part, he has made himself a marked actor. Yet it cannot be said that his work was quite satisfactory. Indeed, he failed in some respects. Apparently he has not the courage to deal truly with the beautiful rhetorical passages that embellish the play, and are vital to it, for he rushed through them, giving little of the music. This may have been due to nervousness, for he has a good voice, often used with great skill. It is, however, to his great credit that he presented a vivid picture of the strange, unlovable Allmers—one of the most difficult tasks that could be set an actor.

How pleasant it is to say that anything is perfect! And yet it seems cold praise, while it is, of course, the highest. Certainly the word may be applied to the Asta of Miss Elizabeth Robins, who interpreted every phrase faultlessly, and warmed the audience by her delicate suggestion of the purity and tenderness of the unhappy girl thrust into such a cruel entanglement. I think that the defective acoustic properties of the Avenue Theatre, and the feeling that she had to fight against them, hampered Miss Janet Achurch, whose somewhat uncontrollable voice at times seemed painfully false. But it rang awfully true in her shrieks at the end of the first act—one of the most horribly thrilling things in my experience. Moreover, the power, the variety, of her acting in the long duet of recrimination were of remarkable value. Rugged and uneven was her work, but lightened by touches clearly of genius.

To think that the three ladies of the cast, and also Miss Marion Terry and Miss Evelyn Millard, should be "resting" all at once when almost every theatre is open!—it would make the ignorant fancy that our stage has more than a sufficient number of brilliant actresses. Would that this were the truth. Grim and effective Mrs. Patrick Campbell certainly was as the Rat-Wife, but the part was hardly of great enough difficulty to cause her to show her quality; it required no actress of her calibre to make the house shudder at the uncanny old woman. I wonder whether



ALLMERS (MR. C. THORPE).

Master Betty was cleverer than Master Stewart Dawson, who undoubtedly will not have the prodigious good fortune of the infant prodigy of the early days of the century. In the little lame Eyolf there was no suggestion of parrot-work; all seemed to result from obedience to real artistic ideas and complete understanding of the part. What will become of him—will his gifts grow with his stature and age and he develop into the Garrick of next century, or will years bring abatement and Mr. Stewart Dawson prove but an intelligent mediocrity? It is pleasant to expect to live long enough for an answer to the question. Mr. C. M. Lowne seemed to bring a breath of fresh air into the play, making the other characters like spectres, and, in his bright, clever acting, gave sharper strokes at the fancies of some Ibsen-idolaters than those attempted by all the fogey critics.

BY ONE OF "THE GODS."

I don't pretend to know much about plays; I don't pretend to know much about players; I don't pretend to know much about playhouses; but I do think we "gods," as they call us, who sit far above our critical and fashionable brethren of the stalls, see and hear many good things their world-weary eyes and ears fail to see and hear. Their business is to criticise, to find fault; ours to enjoy, to praise—perchance sometimes to blame. They "disseminate," we "appreciate." The gods are just, if sometimes cruel.

"Little Eyolf" is the first play of Mr. Henrik Ibsen's I have seen. However, I read the opinion of many critics that his plays were "balderdash." I don't quite know what "balderdash" means, but it is a mighty fine word, and it made me very desirous of acquainting myself with Mr. Ibsen's plays. So when I saw that three of our best actresses were producing "Little Eyolf," I left my afternoon's work, and paid my shilling for a seat in the gallery.

Well, honestly, it seemed to me a strange sort of play. I have never seen the like before. I felt rather "fogged" over the first act. Yet when the curtain fell I knew I wanted to see the second act badly, and when the second act closed I felt more interested than ever in the third act; and when *that* was over, and the lights turned out, and the people hastened away—well, I wanted to go straight home and think it over. I have been "thinking it over" ever since, and the only conclusion I can arrive at is that "balderdash" is a mighty fine word, "Little Eyolf" a mighty fine play, but the gentleman who used that word didn't know its meaning.

Mr. Courtenay Thorpe was terribly "flabby," and at times "stagey." He was not Alfred Allmers—a strong, virile man, a man of character, a man of decision. His speech, his movements, his dress, were all weak, effeminate. Miss Achurch (Rita Allmers) wanted dignity and repose, otherwise her performance was excellent. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was an ideal Rat-Wife: the little she had to do she did perfectly. Miss Robins also performed the sweet part of Asta with grace, firmness,



ASTA (MISS ROBINS).

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

and delicacy. Mr. Lowne was breezy as Engineer Borgheim—Alfred Allmers wanted his manliness. Little Eyolf was impersonated by the cleverest child-actor I have yet seen, Master Stewart Dawson.

I found the waits between the acts tedious, because the orchestra was absent. Miss Robins must be a plucky and clever lady. She produced the play most excellently, and surely "the gods" are right in pronouncing the performance an entire success?

SMALL TALK.

Here is President McKinley's new hat. Up to the time he was elected Governor of Ohio the hats were No. 7, but from that time No. 7½ was none too large. The *New York World* thinks that a great many men with No. 7 heads would have to buy a No. 28 hat if fortune should make them a Governor. Mr. McKinley, however, is not that kind. He simply ordered a new hat after the election, and when it was delivered it

would not fit. So he wrote and ordered one of the larger size, and sticks to that size yet. The new hat is of the best silk and in the latest mode. It is extremely light, and is lined with white silk. A wire screen, which, the manufacturer says, is made for ventilation, and not for oratorical purposes, is set in the top of the hat.



MCKINLEY'S HAT.

It is wonderful how people deceive themselves. Here is Miss Olga Nethersole, who, after all, has changed her mind with regard to not playing "Carmen" in America again, declaring to a transatlantic interviewer, "My interpretation of the part did not please the London critics; but I am convinced that their tone was assumed, because the piece was so successful here." For perversity in logic this curious statement beats anything.

More "vanishing London"! The once famous actor, Joe Miller, whose claim to have been the author of the "Jest-Book" that bears his name has long been more than shaky, was during his somewhat brief but decidedly merry existence the frequenter of a certain tavern named the Black Jack, situate in Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn, a few doors, indeed, from the old house which some have claimed—without much foundation for their preference—to be the original of Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop. Improvements about to be made by the St. Giles's Board of Works are, I understand, likely to sweep away the favoured haunt of Joseph Miller, even as his last resting-place, with its memorial-stone, was swept away when King's College Hospital was built, some forty years ago, on what was once the burial-ground of St. Clement Danes, in Portugal Street. The Black Jack has other historic associations besides those in connection with the merry Drury Lane actor of a century and a half ago. It was at one time known as the "Jump," in consequence, as tradition asserts, of that young reprobate and carpenter Jack Sheppard having leaped from one of its windows to escape from his persecutor, Jonathan Wild, and his thief-taking myrmidons.

This racing homing (or carrier) pigeon is the holder of the European record for 500 miles, having completed the distance in the quick time of 10 hr. 6 min. It is a red cock, and was bred by its present owner in 1893, and among other prizes it has won 2nd York, 170 miles; 1st Banff, 400 miles; and 1st Average Velocity Cup in following races this season:



Retford, 125 miles; York, 170 miles; Newcastle, 240 miles; Arbroath, 364 miles; and Thurso, 501 miles. Thirty-five birds took part in the Thurso race, fourteen of which did the distance within fifteen hours.

At length the difference of opinion that existed for so long between "Mr. Governor Hawes" and the "Rev. Francis Eden," as to the employment which it is right to give to female convicts, has apparently

been solved by the authorities. Admirers of Charles Reade's virile romance will remember the parson's eagerness to give his female prisoners some skilled womanly occupation, and the jailer's fury at the idea of so heinous an innovation in the routine of his model prison. Charles Reade's lesson was written forty years ago; it has been preached not only in the form of a novel, but over and over again, on the Metropolitan and provincial stage, has been perused and listened to with emotion, and at last I read the following—

On the recommendation of the Comptroller of Prison Industries, it has been decided, as an experiment, to purchase dolls and have them dressed by female prisoners, with a view to profitable employment, to take the place of oakum-picking, which is to be wholly discontinued as a task for women.

Says Reade of a certain official in "It is Never too Late to Mend": "One who for twenty years past had been an official became a man . . . then his soul burst its desk, and his heart broke its polysyllables and its tapen bonds." It would really seem as if this official vision of Reade's was a prophetic one. What would Mr. Bumble and the turnkeys of old have said to doing away with that time-honoured institution of oakum-picking for ladies?

The Great Western Railway Company have issued to the public, in a concise and handy form, a pamphlet embodying particulars of scales of reduced rates recently adopted by the company for agricultural, farm, and dairy produce carried by passenger and goods trains respectively.

A charming Rosalind has left the world's stage for ever by the death of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, which took place in Paris last week. A great-granddaughter of the famous Mrs. Siddons, through the great actress's son George, who held a high appointment in the India

Civil Service, and whose son, Captain William Siddons, of the 35th Bengal Native Infantry, was her father, Mary Frances Scott-Siddons had the histrionic instinct, and lived to make her own name honoured by her talent. Mrs. Scott-Siddons appeared first on the stage in Edinburgh, as Juliet, just thirty years ago. In 1867 she gave Shaksperian readings at the Hanover Square Rooms, and on Monday, April 8, in the same year, made her London stage débüt at the Haymarket, as Rosalind in "As You Like It." She was an instant success, her dark, piquant beauty qualifying her well for the part, which she played with much *espèglerie* and vivacity. Mrs. Scott-Siddons delivered her lines with grace and charm, and was seen to particular advantage in the lighter scenes of pure comedy. Despite her always rather fragile health, Mrs. Scott-Siddons made considerable successes in America and Australia, and was always immensely popular in the English provinces. London has seen but little of her for fifteen years past, and latterly she had been living in retirement at Neuilly, on the borders of Paris. A charming and talented actress, and a woman of many endearing personal qualities, Mrs. Scott-Siddons will be much missed and sincerely mourned.



MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

The Palace Club, recently formed at the National Skating Palace, deserves well of Londoners, because it goes far to solve the problem of the dull Sunday. Ours is a dull city on the Sabbath-day, and many a man who goes to church in the morning finds nothing but a doze to pass the afternoon away. Streets are deserted, clubs are more dull than ever, the Park is given over to the tub-thumper and his kin; London is silent, grimy, respectable. But within the precincts of the Argyll Street Skating Palace there is warmth and light, and the sound of sweet music, soft voices, and rustling silk garments. Around the lounges and upon the ice brave men and fair women find that the hours pass all too quickly, while all around are pleasant tea-parties, suggestive of convivial company. Proceedings are mild and harmless enough, but they sound a note of improvement in the Metropolitan Sunday, and make life more worth living. Your rabid Sabbatarian is usually a very married man; he makes no allowance and has no thought for the hundreds and thousands of unattached men and women in big cities who have no family ties and no home outside their chambers or clubs. It is on this class that the dulness of Sunday presses most heavily. I am not one who would like London to imitate America, or even many Continental cities, in the matter of Sunday non-observance, but a little harmless luxury like that of the Palace Club is a good thing. By the way, things are going well with the National Skating Palace, despite the inevitable competition, and Mr. Collier tells me that the next Carnival Ball will be held on Dec. 21, which, though it be the shortest day, will have the compensating advantage of possessing the longest night in the year.

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The wedding of Lord Bingham, the eldest son of the Earl of Lucan, was fixed for Monday, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. His bride was Miss Spender Clay. The bridesmaids were the two little daughters of



LADIES HELEN AND MURIEL GORDON-LENNOX, MISS CLAY'S BRIDESMAIDS.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Lord March, a daughter of Mrs. Cecil Bingham, Lady Henry Nevill's daughter, Lady Arthur Hill's daughter, a daughter of Lady Emily Dyke, and Miss Markham.

A reader in Natal writes to ask "the names of the ladies in the late Sir John Millais' picture, 'Hearts and Trumps.'" These three counterparts of the Ladies Waldegrave in a famous Sir Joshua (Sir John would have been the first to admit that his picture was a derived one) were not professional models. They were the daughters of one of the painter's friends—the Misses Armstrong. Sir John, especially in the earlier part of his career, preferred to have private sitters, when he could get them, rather than "the shilling-an-hour victim." For his "Ophelia," Miss Siddall (afterwards Mrs. Dante Rossetti) sat, and his own wife, about the time of her marriage, is recorded in "The Order of Release." His "Nona" was studied from Miss Lehmann (now Lady Campbell); the painter's daughter, Miss Effie Millais, is portrayed in several pictures, notably well in "New-Laid Eggs"; and the grand old navigator in "The North-West Passage" is a life-like portrait of Captain Trelawney, whose strange lot it was to light Shelley's funeral pyre on the shore at Viareggio and to stand by the dead Byron's bier at Missolonghi. In "The Black Brunswicker," and in the later and beautified version of "The Vale of Rest," are two portraits of girls, interesting, among other things, for their fathers' sakes—Miss Kate Dickens (now Mrs. Perugini) and Miss Lane, daughter of the late Richard Lane, A.R.A. Miss Buckstone, daughter of the actor, belongs to a later period, and from her were studied the girl-pictures, "Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen," "Cinderella," and "Caller Herrin'."

Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, the uncle of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, of *Punch* and rowing fame, has long been known as a painter of excellent portraits. The artist has a remarkable facility for catching the characteristic points of his sitters, and he has been fortunate during a long career in having secured an enormous number of eminent persons of both sexes as subjects for his facile brush or pencil, for his crayon drawings are perhaps even more successful than his more important works. Mr. Lehmann's work is, however, comparatively little known by the general public, and the book just published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, and edited by Mr. H. C. Marillier, gives that public an opportunity of inspecting a collection of portraits of "Men and Women of the Century," reproduced by the Swan Electric Engraving Company, which have, I believe, never been exhibited, and, with few exceptions, have never before been reproduced. Seldom, I should imagine, has a portrait-painter had such opportunities in the matter of eminent sitters as has fallen to the lot of Mr. Lehmann during the last eight-and-forty years, and how admirably he has taken advantage of such opportunities the public have now a chance of judging. Many of the portraits possess a peculiar interest, inasmuch as they represent the particular celebrity at a period antecedent to those with which the world is more commonly familiar. Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Helen Faunt (Lady Martin), Browning, Tennyson, Dickens, Charles Reade, Leighton, and Millais are among the most celebrated of Mr. Lehmann's sitters.

A very confident gentleman, who says he is in communication with the spirit world, has lately informed Mr. Stead and others that he has received most voluminous and precise messages from Shakspere. The Bard has told many authentic anecdotes of the stage, explained the origin of several of his plays, and dictated upwards of a hundred new songs. It is a little odd that William should have chosen this particular medium for so remarkable a disclosure, seeing that the gentleman in question has never read a line of Shakspere's acknowledged writings. It is still more odd that, instead of publishing the songs, this spiritualist offers to prove the good faith of Shakspere's spirit by telling certain things about Stratford-on-Avon as it was in the poet's day. For example, there used to be a repository of broken glass, and this is to be revealed by the conscientious ghost. Mr. Stead appears to have declined this method of testing the spirit, and his correspondent is vastly indignant.

The New South Wales Legislature have unanimously agreed to an amendment in a Bill which provided that all coloured aliens should pay £100 before entering the Colony. But when they knew that Prince Ranjitsinhji was coming to play cricket among them next year, they added a clause putting him on the free list.

If Ranjitsinhji can't possess
The colour of Pygmalion,
The Australasian can't address
His Highness as an alien.

The Christmas number of the *Western Weekly News* is a bountiful pennyworth. Consisting of forty-eight pages, it contains stories by Mr. G. R. Sims, John Strange Winter, Mr. W. E. Norris, Miss Fiona Macleod, and several other good but less-known writers. It is also very well illustrated.

In a recent examination at a girls' school in Houndsditch, the pupils were required to give particulars of some eminent persons, including Sir Henry Irving. The great majority of the girls were well acquainted with his achievements; but a minority made some fantastic excursions in the quest after his personality. He was variously described as "the Queen's son," "a nobleman," "a high gentleman in the House of Commons," "an archbishop," and "a Dutchman." One stroke of genius made him "a poem," and another consecrated him as the keeper of "a sweet-shop in New Street." The "archbishop" suggests some vague reminiscence of Becket, and the "Dutchman" was, no doubt, an



MISS SPENDER CLAY.
Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

effort to recall Vanderdecken. As for the "sweet-shop," Sir Henry ought to encourage that idea by distributing confectionery among the Houndsditch damsels in the shape of orders for the Lyceum.

Despite the fact that Canterbury Cathedral is at present a network of scaffolding in connection with the restoration work, the formal election of Dr. Temple to the Archbishopsric was carried out on Wednesday. It fell to Dr. Farrar, at the conclusion of the first lesson, to make the formal

declaration on the subject of the schedule of election, which was duly signed and sealed by the Dean and Canon. According to this document, Dr. Temple is "a man provident and discreet, deservedly well esteemed for his learning, good life, and morals, of liberal condition, born of lawful marriage, of fit and lawful age of the order of priesthood, of great circumspection in spiritual and temporal affairs, and who knows how and is willing and able to maintain and defend the rights and privileges of his Church."



ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.

heaven are less given to coming out on business. When the stormy winds do blow, I have a special aptitude for sitting over a warm fire, with a big cigar and a nice book, and returning thanks to Providence that I am safe on shore. I was not built on heroic lines. Just about May and June, when the weather is fine and the winds are fair, I like to venture upon the ocean and experience all the raptures of a sailor's life with few or none of the risks. And, if truth were told, there are very many men like me in all but the courage of their real opinions.

When I read Mr. Alfred Austin's address to the Volunteers at Ashford on Wednesday, I could not help thinking how hard up laureates must be just now for want of the noise of battle that makes poets pipe.

Since poor old Dr. Jim
Was taken off to jail,
The poet cannot hymn
The martial coat of mail;
In lieu, he's forced to cheer
The valiant Volunteer,
The regiment
Of his native Kent,
Or the London Fusilier.

The trumpet's note is still,
No sound of battle rills;
The Volunteer can't kill
His fellow City souls.
In uniform he struts—
To practise bayonet cuts—
It's quite as hard
For any bard
To sing of Bisley butts.

What poet yet could chant—
The effort only jars—
The capitulation grants
Or Volunteer bazaars?
No splendid, reckless Light Brigade
Rides out to fight and die and aid
The poet's muse,
And so he'll use
The Tommy with a trade.

Oh, why should Mr. Mars
Be ruled by Mrs. Peace?
Our Tommies and our Tars
Are wasting elbow-grease.
Just think about the man
Who plays the pipe of Pan—
He'll have to twang
Like Mr. Lang,
Or Dobson on a fife.

Mrs. Austin, of Cardiff, no relation, so far as I know, to the aforesaid and following Austins, tells me that it was she who designed the cycling-costume that took the first prize at the Cardiff Exhibition, and which I illustrated last week.

Every now and again the papers are full of the adventurous voyage of some little cockleshell of a boat which has dared the dangers of the great Atlantic rollers or the rough-and-tumble of the Northern seas. Here is the story of a boat tinier than any whose adventures have been advertised—a boat crewless, rudderless, that yet made a voyage which, considering the disadvantages under which she laboured, was positively

almost miraculous. A friend of mine was staying with his boys last August at Herne Bay. One of these young hopefuls amused himself by making tiny rafts, shaped at either end, about a foot long, with a keel of lead, and a mast on which, in the primitive manner of childhood, a paper sail was hoisted. A small fleet of these craft was launched, disappeared, and was seen no more. A few days ago my friend received an envelope bearing the Putney postmark. The envelope contained a paper sail (made, by the way, out of a printed bill of some Herne Bay entertainment), on which, in his son's writing, was his name and London address, with the addition of Herne Bay; and endorsed on this relic of old Ocean, in the same handwriting as that on the envelope, was an inscription to the effect that the sail had been taken from a toy raft found by the sender derelict on the waters of the Silver Thames at Putney. How long this little cruiser had been in the river, and how she had escaped the thousand dangers of her three months' voyage, must ever remain a mystery. Since that hapless smack the *Columbine*, with one helpless woman aboard, was blown across the German Ocean, there has really been no such instance of the "sweet little cherub" who looks after poor Jack and poor Jack's belongings.

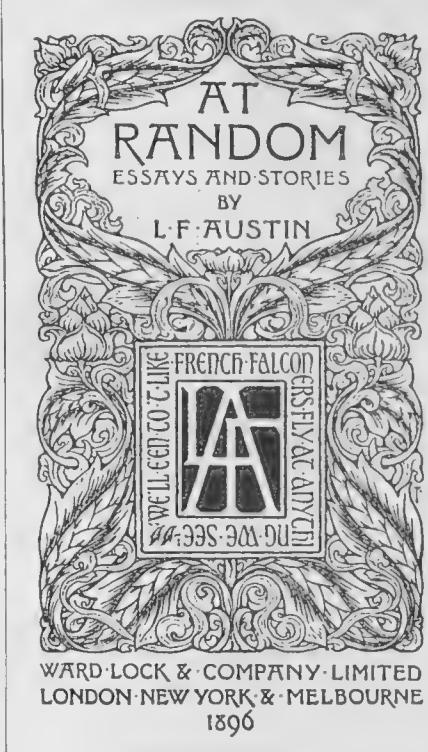
If it should chance you dinna ken what things to send as Christmas Cards, just post your love a fountain-pen of Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard's. For when the ink from fountain flows, it's natural that belles and beaus should take to verse instead of prose.

VAGROM ESSAYS.*

It is the habit of the exquisite and belletristic sections of the literary world to proclaim that mere journalism is not far removed from actual vice. You create the inspiration of the moment—you do not wait for it, in fact, say these folk, you are a mechanic, rather than a magician, in the matter of word-weaving. Mr. Louis Austin's dainty little volume—dainty in intellectual intention, and externally as comely a specimen of the bookbinder's art as you may desire—is a distinct refutation of the theories of the punctilious. From the author's preface, itself a model of what a preface should be, it is apparent that he realises that the publication of a book like this, under the circumstances, demands an apologetic note. He says:—"A journalist who has given much of his time to the solemn recitation of facts in unwilling ears, who rattles the bones of statistics over the stones of public opinion, may take his fill now and then of whimsical fantasy by way of recreation." In these pages one fact is evident: they prove that the forced product of routine writing need not necessarily interfere with the possession of a style which is scholarly, easy-running, and limpid. There is something of Addison, something, perhaps, of Dickens; but there can be no gainsaying that the genius and point of view of Thackeray have influenced Mr. Austin more than he would himself allow. Most of these essays have appeared before—some in the *Speaker*, and some, as is well known, in these columns. But their value is considerably increased by their inclusion in the casket of book-form; larger type, and almost uniformly witty rubricated notes—"finger-posts which the reviewer may find sufficiently luminous without exploring the adjacent country"—lend distinction and point.

Of the form and nature of these essays, it is sufficient to say that they are in effect an impersonal diary of an intellectual Londoner, and of one who looks out upon things in general with wisdom and reflection, tempered with humour that is alternately spontaneous or fantastic. In a more deliberately satirical vein are the essays "Singular Behaviour of Quotations" and "The Ghost of an Apology"; "To Heaven in My Boots" and "To Winifred Evans" are obviously autobiographical; but more completely characteristic of Mr. Austin's style are "A Patron of Barbers," "In Praise of Cider," and "The Only Man in Town." In short, a delightful book—a book which can be taken in exhilarating sips from time to time, or read through in an hour or two with infinite profit.

* "At Random," By L. F. Austin. London: Ward, Lock, and Co.







The late debates and discussions in connection with the German army seem to throw a curious light on the genius of German society. The military code of what is considered to be honour has some strange and ugly survivals of a barbarous age. That an officer, affronted by a civilian, shall be expected and even enjoined by *esprit de corps* to draw his sword and use it, is conceivable in a conquered country, where every patriotic inhabitant is ready to insult or even assassinate a soldier of the conquering army at any opportunity. If the Austrians in Italy were at times savage in repression, they had some excuse in the intolerable system of petty insults to which they were subjected. Again, in a barbarous country, in which every man goes armed and is ready to attack or defend, it may be useful that the soldier shall be authorised to draw first. But, until such irregular violence is effectively put down, a state cannot be said to be civilised, unless it is in the abnormal condition of a foreign military occupation.

But the German army is not a foreign conquering host; its officers are fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens with the civilians they meet. Although, doubtless, some of the more ardent Socialists may push their hatred to militarism sufficiently far to want to insult officers as individuals, yet these must be few indeed. But we hear that an officer getting into a quarrel with a civilian in a restaurant is not only permitted, but expected, to draw his sword and cut down or run through an unarmed man; and that, if he fails to use his weapon, he might as well send in his papers at once—he is an outcast from the army. To be sure, his act is legally a crime, and he may be sentenced to one or more years of detention in a fortress; but this penalty may be, and, we are told, often is, remitted. And this ghastly and grotesque rule of "honour," like the doctrine of some savage devil-worship, is defended by distinguished military men, and is said to receive the approval of the Sovereign of Germany!

It is only by reflecting on the military and bureaucratic organisation of the Continent that an Englishman can even begin to understand the state of mind in which a sane man can approve of such a hideous idea. The reign of the privileged classes has never ceased across the Channel. The French Revolution overthrew the position and abolished the privileges of nobles and clergy; it created the privileges of soldiers and officials. The officer and the official not only think themselves, but are thought by the citizen, superior to the citizen. Especially is this the case in Prussia, which was an army and a bureaucracy before it could be called a nation. If the present Kaiser ever uttered the words lately attributed to him, he has declared that the man who dusts the jacket of some drunken squireen of a lieutenant for his boorishness, is insulting "the King's coat," and therefore striking the Sovereign by implication, and may therefore be cut down as a traitor. Only by some such mystic jumble of ideas could a person of any sanity come to excuse the wanton slaughter of an unarmed man by one furnished with a deadly weapon.

It is possible that in England we carry matters to the other extreme. There are many persons who think that, under no extremity of insult or threat, or even personal danger, may a soldier use his bayonet or a policeman his truncheon against a technical non-combatant. Till lately, too, there was a tendency among certain classes to despise and decry the soldier as such. This is a base and evil feeling; yet even this is better than the theory that justifies a cowardly murder.

The German army is, after all, the German nation in arms; and so the common sentiment of fellow-citizens operates to prevent the barbarous code of "honour" from claiming more than an occasional victim. If the theory current in high military circles were carried into practice, it would be unsafe for peaceful citizens to frequent a restaurant where officers resorted. Any half-drunk subaltern might conceive himself to be insulted by a word, a look, a touch, and would feel warranted in at once drawing his sabre on the unwitting offender. The result would be obvious. Any civilian whose habits took him into the company of officers would have to carry a revolver and to shoot as soon as he saw hand go to hilt.

Then would come the conflict of laws. A man who is attacked, from a private grievance, by a man with a deadly weapon, has the legal right to defend himself by killing or disabling his assailant. There are judges in Berlin, and they would probably acquit the civilian who used a pistol against the officer's sword. And the Kaiser could not well interfere to hang the civilian.

In which case the ribald English observer might ask, What price the King's coat now?

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The life of P. G. Hamerton must be considered one of the most interesting biographical works of the year. Mr. Hamerton liked to write about himself. He was by nature very communicative, and, although his field of observation was limited, his interest in life was so keen that he was almost invariably interesting. His purpose was to write his whole history, and to have it published after his death as a provision for his family. Very unexpectedly, his death prevented this, and the book was written only up to the time of his marriage, when he was twenty-four. But his widow has continued the narrative with admirable frankness, delicacy, and spirit. The readers of "The Intellectual Life" and "Human Intercourse" know how happy Mr. Hamerton was in his marriage with a French lady. He was one of those husbands who encourage their wives to write, and she has produced some pleasant little stories. I was not prepared, however, to find so excellent a piece of work as that which forms by far the larger part of the interesting volume Messrs. Seeley have published. Hamerton had his troubles, like the rest of us, and some were very severe. I cannot but think that he met with a real misfortune in failing to be appointed Professor of Art at Edinburgh. Of all the many and glaring scandals that have taken place in connection with Scotch professorial appointments none was greater than this. Hamerton's immense claims were set aside in favour of one who was at the time, and has consistently remained since, absolutely unknown. Hamerton was the very man to make a good Professor. He knew much, could write well, and had, above all things, the invaluable faculty of communicativeness. He knew enough about art to be much more than a mere man of letters, and although many of his opinions will be disputed, his enthusiasm was too genuine and his culture too great to make any part of his work insignificant. I think the best book he wrote was that on "Modern Frenchmen." He was a master in the difficult art of biography, and these little studies are perfect in their way, and written with intelligence and sympathy. We do not learn much from his biography that might not have been guessed. He began life fairly well off, but invested his money in a wine business, which ended in egregious failure. He was thus left to depend on his literary talent—a talent which was never adequately recognised. It is disappointing to hear that his admirable novel "Marmorne," one of the best pictures of French life ever written by an Englishman, or rather, by far the best, never brought him much money. Personally, Hamerton was a man of the highest character, upright, courageous, magnanimous, and always willing to help others. The strongest praise must be given to this most interesting and valuable book.

The life of Archbishop Magee has been very well received. I suppose this is partly due to the fact that he comes out as a man. People are so tired of sickly sentiment and mawkish pietism that they welcome the picture of a Bishop who was obviously flesh and blood. Like most of the Bishops, Magee evidently read very little, and lived a harassed, irritated life. He was never able to lie back in his chair and enjoy the fruits of success, and though he continually deplored his combativeness, he never learned to control it. The most remarkable thing about Magee was that, although a Celt up to a certain point, irascible and pugnacious, he had absolutely nothing of the Celtic mysticism. There was about him none of the vision and the dream. Probably this helped him to make his way in the world; but it relegated him to the very numerous class of ecclesiastics who are much talked about in their own generation, but soon sink into hopeless oblivion. In the higher attributes of manhood he does not stand comparison with Hamerton, and Hamerton rejected apparently every form of religious belief.

"Sentimental Tommy" has been even more enthusiastically received in America than here. I was told by Mr. Scribner that no serial his magazine had ever published obtained such wide popularity as Mr. Barrie's work, and the impression left by the complete book is certainly not less. But, numerous and appreciative as the reviews have been, I have seen none which recognise the central moral purpose of the book. The author has shown in his pictures of Mrs. Sandys and the "painted lady" how cruel man can be to woman, how hopelessly he can wreck her life. The moral is written so large that one might have imagined nobody could miss it. Mr. Barrie means to take his own time about producing the sequel. He will in the interval write another and shorter book in which he will take his readers into a new field.

Mr. Lang has tried to make us believe that Lockhart became very mild and meek in his later days, and repented the critical excesses of his youth. This pleasant idea has been set aside by the fact revealed in *Blackwood* that, to the last, Lockhart was in the habit of sending articles to the magazine, some of which were so severe that the prudent editor declined to insert them. I venture to suggest to Mr. Lang that he should include in his new edition of Lockhart's works a selection from his critical essays in the *Quarterly*. Some of these were quite admirable, notably that on Theodore Hook, and the very just and elaborate criticism of Southey.



FROM CHARIOT TO MOTOR-CAR.

The telephone and the bicycle have given zest to life, making many people alert in office and street. The notion that a boy was perfect if he had sound lungs and a sturdy pair of legs has become obsolete. Even if he possesses, like Mrs. Mervale, in Lord Lytton's novel "Zanoni," two "large, useful feet for walking," he is still at a discount unless he can apply them deftly to the pedals of a "safety," for time is money, and business no longer a pleasant saunter.

It is singular that the human race has never been satisfied with the progressive capacity of its own limbs. The negro is supposed to be a thick-headed person, yet years before the advent of the steam-engine and the motor-car the African king developed common sense enough to render locomotion easy, and instructed his subjects to carry him pick-a-back or in rude hammock through tropical forest. The shepherds of Landes, inventive through necessity, early mounted on stilts to roam over the rough land after their flocks, and are to-day expert in long-legged striding across the landscape. Nearly every animal that could be tamed, from the dog to the elephant, has been requisitioned in various lands to help man forward in trade or pleasure, and the sledge, rickshaw, and sedan-chair have contributed to his ease of travel or to the keeping of grim appointment such as Thackeray depicts in "Henry Esmond," the meeting at dawn with swords in Leicester Fields, and the death of Lord Castlewood.

Vehicles on wheels were common in the Biblical days. The chariot was a social conveyance, the landau or phaeton of the time. It was also the gig of sport, and an engine of war. Possibly the chariot made by Eriethonius of Athens, before the birth of Christ, excited as much interest on its trial run as the locomotives on the first English railway, or the motor-cars on the Brighton Road a few days ago. Anyhow, it came into comprehensive use. In the Old Testament it is set forth how the captains of the chariots wrought havoc among their enemies, and in the New how the Ethiopian officer in the service of Queen Candace returned from worship at Jerusalem sitting in his chariot reading Esaias the prophet. Then every lover of art is familiar with Cheea's painting of furious driving, "The Chariot Race in Old Rome," in which fallen horses, struggling drivers, and upturned wheels are grouped in dramatic confusion.

The evolution of the coach has been quite as interesting as that of the chariot. The great, lumbering thing first appeared on the highway in the sixteenth century. Mr. Gladstone and the late Professor Blackie, seething with energy in their prime, derived great enjoyment from physical exercise. They differed in that respect from John de Laval de Bois Dauphin, who was exceedingly fat, and found locomotion so difficult that he "set up a coach because of his great bulk." The coach has jogged, lurched, and swung through ridicule, as well as miry road. It was styled by the sarcastic a "whirligote," and a "Noah's Ark" by the brutally frank. From the time the Duke of Buckingham drove his coach-and-six to the appearance of the stage-coach and the latest meet of the Four-in-Hand Club in Hyde Park, the roomy vehicle has experienced strange vicissitudes. It has been stopped by highwayman, with musical voice but business-looking pistol; it has broken down on moorland track, been upset in ditch, snowed up in storm, and has created old Weller, the famous whip. The dainty, well-appointed coach that starts on holiday tour from town, or plies through Derbyshire dale or over Welsh hill, is a very different equipage to the clumsy but smartly horsed vehicle that Jockey, of Norfolk, drove to Brighton in the convivial reign of George IV.; but the coach has become rather a summer toy than a serviceable carrier, in all weathers, of passengers and light articles of domestic comfort and merchandise. It has been backed into oblivion like the pack-horse and the pillion-steed; it has been superseded by the railway train, private carriage, tram-car, omnibus, growler, and hansom, except royalty and justice choose to give it fitful airing at Drawing-Room or Court of Assize. But the carrier's cart is loth to leave us. It sways leisurely along country lane, with reflective driver and methodic horse, with heavy load of rural folk and dairy produce.

It is instructive to note that the greatest motive-power the world has yet seen has come into general use only in the Queen's reign, though, in the seventeenth century, a tattered, unkempt being pressed his wild, haggard face against the barred window of the madhouse in Paris, and hoarsely whispered, "I am not mad. I have discovered the value of the steam of the boiling water!"

Deprived of liberty, he had no opportunity of anticipating James Watt and George Stephenson; but the incident tempts one to think that the motor-car is simply a modern development of an old idea. In 1804 Trevithick invented a whimsical steam-engine, with a trombone-like cylinder, that conveyed seventy passengers along the Penydarran cast-iron tram-road to Merthyr-Tydfil, a distance of seven miles; and, four years later, the same genius constructed a circular line near Euston Square, and carried passengers at one shilling per head.

The locomotive inspired confidence tardily. Her Majesty had been on the throne five years before she ventured upon a railway journey, making her first trip on the Great Western Railway on July 18, 1842. The Prince Consort had already tried the new method of progress, but he did not feel altogether at ease in the train, for, after one run from Windsor to London, he said, "Not quite so fast next time, Mr. Conductor, if you please." The Duke of Wellington looked askance at skittish steam-engine and swaying railway carriage, and it was not till 1843 that he was convinced of the safety of this strange mode of travelling.

Curious trains are not extinct. An excursion-train consisting

entirely of guards'-vans has been sent from the Midlands to the seaside. The "Paddy Mail" that takes the pitmen to work in one of our colliery districts is a grotesque make-up of antiquated vehicles. The "Harlequin Train" in Scotland, with its marvellous assortment of carriages and vans, has often prompted satire. All these trains have been productive of humorous incident, and the driver of express, as well as the controller of motor-car, has undergone the badinage and misery of breakdown. The newest style of locomotion may triumph with perseverance and liquid fuel of sweeter aroma, and there seems to be no limit to the possibilities of travel with steam, electricity, or petroleum as a motive-power.

The Legislature has curbed the road-speed of the motor-car; but it would be unwise to prophesy how fast we shall ultimately rush along the railway track. Hiram Maxim is not wholly absorbed in perfecting his flying-machine. He believes it is possible to build a train, pointed at both ends and running on boxed-in wheels, that could be propelled by electricity at the speed of 120 miles an hour. Such a train, if timed to stop at intermediate stations, would require a somewhat powerful brake; but the resources of the inventive mind are not exhausted, and passengers may yet enter and alight from the swiftest express, like mail-bags, by adroit help of the swinging net, ingeniously lowered and raised so as to avoid rude shock, while encouraging graceful agility and healthier circulation.

JOHN PENDLETON.

THE NEW WAISTCOAT.

I recently read an extraordinary article in the *New York Journal*, in which the Prince of Wales was pictured among a halo of gaudy waistcoats such as were once the fashion, and in which it was stated that he had just revived the days of the flowered-silk and fancy masculine bodice. But the story

has not borne examination, as I found (writes a *Sketch* representative) when chatting with one of the leading tailors of the West End. From him I learned all that was worth knowing on the subject. As for the "other side" (really an "outside") story about the Prince having set the fashion with a large order, the artist had to offer an amused denial.

"And, really," he remarked, "the fashion of embroidered waistcoats has been 'in' at least three years. Come here and I'll show you the fabrics."

They were certainly splendid, these pieces of dark silk with fancy flowered designs.

"These are for day-wear?" I asked, as we examined the material.

"Yes; here, again, are others for evening, both dark and light. This of white-flowered silk is very popular."

"Are these patterns copied from the gay waistcoat of former days?"

"I do not think so. The designs are rather from old-fashioned dress-material for ladies' wear. The most gaudy things worn just now are those hand-knitted waistcoats, of exquisite texture, made in Truro. We dispose of a great number of these," and my informant indicated a collection of garments, each of which outrivalled Joseph's coat.

"One doesn't see these in town?" I suggested.

"Not quite. There is a limit. They are chiefly for hunting-costume. See, there are the Guards' colours. By-the-bye, the buttons for these waistcoats are a special study. Here they are in all varieties—cornelian, agate, crocidolite, jasper, amethyst, and what not. The price of these buttons? Usually, half-a-guinea a set. As to the price of the other waistcoats, they run to about four guineas each—a sum for which ordinary tailors supply a suit."

"Is there any return to the extreme of the old fashion, to the really huge and glaring pattern?"

"In Paris, yes; not so much here. In Paris there is a great return to coloured suits, blues and greens—chiefly for ball wear, I believe."

"Do you think that men will ever return to pronounced colours for everyday wear—in full suits, I mean—for yesterday morning I saw a canary waistcoat that could not have been louder, not to say noisier?"

"Well, really," remarked my informant, laughing, "considering the colours that are tolerated just now, I should not like to predict what may or may not happen. At the present moment the tendency is not greater than I've indicated to you, but there's no saying. At any rate, it's not his Royal Highness who is setting a fashion in loud waistcoats."

Compared with the hunting atrocities, the brocades may almost be reckoned quiet and unassuming; but, still, they make a good beginning, and the modern Harry Foker may reasonably hope that fashion will one day enable him to sport waistcoats as remarkable as those of his prototype.

"In conclusion," I said, "is there a 'boom' in figured waistcoats?"

"Not a 'boom,' I should say, and at the moment the demand is not appreciably greater than it has been for the past three years."



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FANCY WAISTCOATS.

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THE DRAMATIC CRITICS OF LONDON.—V.—VIII.



THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" (MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT).
Photo by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



THE "DAILY MAIL" (MR. ADDISON BRIGHT).
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE "MORNING POST" (MR. SPENSER WILKINSON).
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE "STANDARD" (MR. ALFRED WATSON).
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

A MODERN PEPYS AND A PEER.*

Few, if any, faces and figures were better known in the House of Commons, during the ten years from 1886 to 1895, than the face and figure of Sir Richard Temple. Entering Parliament after thirty years of service in India, he discharged his duties with a school-boy zest which was only equalled by his gravity of countenance. Sir Richard took everybody seriously, and most of all himself. How he sat steadily behind his leaders, how his cheer could always be relied upon, even when other voices were silent; how he used to turn deliberately at the foot of the gangway and make profound obeisance to the Chair; and how he used, day after day, to show ladies over the House and its precincts—are not these things printed in the memory of all Parliamentary observers? A man of great reputation, who had governed one hundred and fifteen millions of British subjects, he was wonderfully artless and unaffected. These are the engaging qualities, indeed, of his autobiography. He tells the story of his life with rare frankness. He himself is always the central figure. "The story is personal," he confesses, "my individuality being always kept in view." To himself it was always an interesting individuality. In India, as well as later at home, he was a favourite subject for the caricaturist, and on one occasion he was represented in Court-dress, standing before a mirror, evidently in some reverie relating to Indian promotion. "This time," he remarks, "the caricaturist missed his aim, for my ambition, such as it was, lay far away from India." The *naïveté* of this remark is characteristic of the two volumes before us. "Never refuse a good offer," he says elsewhere; "he who refuses may repent." Himself the son of an English country gentleman, without any influential connection, he scaled the "big tree" of promotion till he reached its topmost branches. He began his work in the Indian Civil Service nearly half a century ago. When at Muttra, his first post, "Dombey and Son" came out in monthly numbers, and he recalls the ladies saying, "Fancy, after all, it is Florence Dombey who has proposed to Walter Gay," as if that were the best news of the day from England. From Muttra he went to the Allahabad district, where he met the Commissioner's sister-in-law, Miss Charlotte Frances Martindale. Richard Temple, at the early age of twenty-three, "began to tell the story of his life to the young lady with that volubility which comes from freshness of spirit," and she appears to have liked the story, for they were married the same year. Five years later, in the heyday of his success, his first wife died. At that time he was secretary at Lahore to Mr. (afterwards Lord) John Lawrence, one of the heroes of the book. On an evening he used to read out to his chief the novels of Walter Scott, and he found solace in painting the Himalayan scenery. All through life, indeed, sketching and painting proved his principal recreations. He was in Europe when the Mutiny broke out, but he returned to India as quickly as possible, and he reached Cawnpore when Sir Colin Campbell was organising his forces for the final advance against Lucknow.

At Delhi he had to visit the ex-King, the last of the Moguls, now a prisoner in the palace. "He was seated," says Sir Richard, "on a rug in a marble hall, nervous, almost trembling, and counting beads." Sir Richard photographs himself at every point. For instance, he describes how he spoke his final words to his native friends at Lahore, "standing in front of the old Moslem gateway, under the umbrageous trees." Again, when explaining his duties as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, he complacently remarks, "All this afforded scope for origination and individuality." Having mentioned that he depended partly on his riding for administrative success, he goes on to say, with the candour of Pepys, "I had a notion that it enhances the respect which the natives have for our power if the chief British officer in their sight handles a horse as if to the manner born, and sits as if the saddle were his home." On being appointed to the Residency at Hyderabad, he paid a visit to the Nizam, and we should like to have seen him as he "rode through the city streets on an elephant, every window and balcony being filled with spectators." Among other things at Hyderabad, the modern Pepys had a lovely show of zinnias, and he took pride in sending gigantic bouquets of these red and crimson flowers to his native friends. "There was," he says, "a fine swimming-bath, in which I hoped to enjoy the exercise that had done me much good at Singapore. But I was attacked with dysentery, an ailment unknown to me since my days in Calcutta just twenty years previously." In due time he became Finance Minister of India. "Like as a plant," he says, "has its time of flowering, so the spring of 1868 was the bloom of my career." The flower was not yet, however, in full bloom. Six years later he became Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and saw the country safely through its famine. "When I assumed," says Sir Richard, "the Government of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, the day-dream of my boyhood was fulfilled. I was thus sitting in the seat of Warren Hastings, being the second Worcestershire man who held that position. This dream, cherished at first, then rudely set aside after contact with realities, then forgotten for six-and-twenty years, had unexpectedly come true at last." He stood "in uniform" on the steps of Government House when the retiring Viceroy received Lord Lytton, the poet-peer. When, shortly afterwards, Sir Richard had the honour of receiving his lordship at dinner in Belvedere, he caused the table to be covered with water-lilies and the bloom of flowering shrubs, all from his grounds, while the exquisite Amherstia flowers hung from the candelabras. The poet-peer exclaimed, "What beautiful flowers!" Sir Richard's career culminated in 1877, when he became Governor of Bombay. That post he held till March 1880,

when he hurriedly left India to stand as a candidate for Parliament. At a farewell banquet he quoted some Horatian lines, but what the audience must have enjoyed most was the recitation of the parting lines of Kathleen Mavourneen: "It may be for years, it may be for ever."

Thirty years in India had not abated Sir Richard Temple's vigour. Returning to England while the General Election of 1880 was in progress, he learned from the Conservative Whip what were the main points to be advocated before the electors, and entered without a day's delay on a contest for the Eastern Division of his native county of Worcester. On that occasion he was beaten by Mr. Gladstone's eldest son. In 1885, however, he succeeded in entering Parliament, and during the ten years that he remained there he took part in nearly three thousand divisions. In the Parliament that sat from 1886 to 1892 his attendance, as he proudly records, exceeded that of any member, official or unofficial. During the same ten years he represented the City of London in the School Board, and conducted the Board's finances. For three seasons he went faithfully over the social round, and since his return from India he has travelled nearly all over the Continent of Europe, the Dominion of Canada, and the northern division of the United States. His record of his Parliamentary career is quaint. In the Commons, he says, he wished to comport himself modestly and quietly, speaking only on subjects where he had personal knowledge and experience. On this principle, he declares, he acted in his maiden speech, through which ordeal he passed on the first night of the Session! His next speech was made at the bidding of his leaders, to fill up time; but he felt that, for a new member, an enterprise of this sort ought not to be repeated. Throughout all his years in Parliament he kept a journal of what he saw or heard in the House, and he used also to write a weekly letter to the Conservative organ in his Division. Sir Richard endeavoured always to excel. He would never pair, but always be present. "Even one private member, unfalteringly diligent, might," as he believed, "avail much from the moral force of the example set by him." He formed one of "the Old Guard" in defence of the Ministry of 1886. In opposition Sir Richard and his friends formed a "corner" under the leadership of Mr. Hanbury, and, during the discussion of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, the "corner" held the fort while the Church brigade was at dinner. His Parliamentary life, however, had some amenity. In the afternoons he could often snatch a little time to show his friends round the House. Sometimes he would entertain a small party at tea on the Terracé, and sometimes he joined dinner-parties in the House. One can readily accept the statement of a Nationalist member that Sir Richard never made an enemy. The last scene in which he played a prominent part took place on July 1, 1895, when he presented the report of the Public Accounts Committee. "I advanced," he says, "along the floor of the House to the table, bowing to the Chair. On presenting my report, I received the congratulations of the Speaker on the conclusion of my labours. I was greeted with cheers from friends on both sides of the House. Apparently they liked to see an old stager walking up with the last of his many reports."

A volume of political letters and speeches by the late Earl of Pembroke is interesting chiefly on account of the family to which he belonged. He was a son of Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Gladstone's Peelite friend, who, it is supposed, was the original of Sidney Wilton in "Endymion." According to Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Sidney Wilton was a man of noble disposition, fine manners, considerable culture, and was generally gracious. These were characteristics of the Peelite statesman, and they seem to have been inherited by the late Earl of Pembroke as well as by his brother, the present Earl, who was one of the most handsome and popular Whigs that the House of Commons has ever had. The portraits of the thirteenth Earl in the volume before us represent him as a man of refinement and culture, with traces of the dandy and *dilettante*. It is dedicated by the Countess "to those relations, friends, and neighbours who revere and love his memory." Lord Pembroke was not a profound thinker, but there is plenty of good sense in his homely speeches to the tenants at Wilton and other neighbours in Wiltshire. Some of his personal criticisms are neat and true. In 1887 he described his "great friend" Mr. Arthur Balfour as "a very bold and singularly clear-headed man," and of Mr. Fawcett he remarked that "he had the head of a political economist and the heart of a philanthropist." It is rather amusing to observe that, while other statesmen are openly named, one is referred to shortly as "Mr. C." This condensation may have been adopted by the editor of the volume in view of the altered position of "Mr. C." since he made the speeches in 1885 which Lord Pembroke criticised. Of course, everyone knows who is meant. Lord Pembroke was replying to the charge that he and his brother had abandoned the principles of their father. "Why not be a moderate Liberal?" he had been asked. In his opinion, the moderate Liberals had long been ceasing to be a power in the country. Lord Hartington was jeered at by his followers (this was in 1885) as a wet blanket, Mr. Goschen was hardly able to gain a hearing, while "Mr. C." said whatever he pleased and was cheered to the echo. They could not make the Liberal Party moderate, but they could make the Conservative Party Liberal, and accordingly Lord Pembroke supported the latter. Even the country peers found in him a champion. "I confess I am not anxious," he said, "to see the country peers, whose presence on great Division-nights so scandalises some of our reformers, excluded from the House (of Lords). I believe there is many a man among these provincial noblemen who is a far shrewder and more valuable political unit than some of the busybodies who hang about London through the Session, letting off little speeches on a great variety of subjects or taking part in the somewhat trivial and dreary business that forms the greater portion of our annual task."

* "The Story of My Life." By Sir Richard Temple. London: Cassell and Co. Ltd.
 ** "Political Letters and Speeches." By the Thirteenth Earl of Pembroke. London: Richard Bentley and Son.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



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A STUDY.—RALPH PEACOCK.

EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

ART NOTES.

That is a charming portrait, by Mr. W. Windsor Fry, reproduced in these columns and exhibited at the show of the Royal Society of British Artists. The boy, simply posed upon a chair, dangles his balloon that lies lightly on the floor. The composition is remarkably uncomplex and elegantly intelligible, and it is to be noted that the boy's hair is beautifully drawn; even in black-and-white the mere painterly effect of this bit of work is very noticeable and cleverly apparent.

Mr. Matthew Surface's photographic study, "The First Frost of Winter," which is also given here, is as nearly pictorial, one would say, as a photograph can well be. Nature herself seems to have prepared an arrangement, to have made her own selections, and to have composed her own distances. These thin, exquisite trees, these little masses of dead heath and tangled fernery, seem clearly a purely artistic arrangement. Mr. Surface has caught on the wing a ready-made picture of exquisite materials and has touched them into enduring life. If this is "practical photography," let us have some more of it.

Mr. Dunthorne at the Rembrandt Head has on show a little collection of works by Mr. Fred Hall, the Newlyn artist. The scenes represent, for the most part, hunting subjects, and have clearly been painted with the prospect of reproduction. From that point of view they are quite admirable, alert, vital, and often touched with a singularly pleasant humour. There are, apart from these, a few also of Mr. Hall's more generally single-minded works; and these are all agreeably clever, fine in colour, and full of positive characteristics which may not always please, but which invariably indicate the strength and resource of the painter.

Mr. Francis James's exhibitions are always full of gaiety and the attraction of noble colour, and his present show at Mr. Van Wisselingh's is no exception. His charming flowers, for which he has justly made himself famous, are here again, his tulips, his roses, and his grasses. The truth is that Mr. James not only paints flowers, he also sees them, which is by no means common even in certain very well-known flower-painters whose work is distinguished for its accuracy rather than its poetry. Mr. James is nearly always poetical.

Mr. Larkin, of the Japanese Gallery, in Bond Street, has an exceptionally interesting exhibition of Eastern arts, the most prominent features of it being pictures by Watanabe Seitei and Suzuki Kwason, two of the leading living artists of that delightful country, whose drawings of flowers, birds, and fishes appealed so strongly to London on two former occasions. Watanabe Seitei is a native of Tokio, and though from his earliest childhood he showed a marked taste for art, he was never encouraged in his ambition, and, after leaving school, was placed in an uncongenial business. His elder brother, however, in whose care he was left, at last allowed the lad to enter the studio of the great Japanese artist Kikuchi Yosai, where his talents very soon

developed. In 1888 he had the honour of being chosen to do some important ceiling panels for the new Imperial Palace at Tokio, and he has received many medals and honours from home and foreign exhibitions.

Suzuki Kwason was born in Shitaya in 1860. When he was only thirteen his talents were so marked that he became a pupil of Kikuchi Yosai, and made such rapid progress that in 1874 he received an



LITTLE CORRIE.—W. WINDSOR FRY.
Exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists.

appointment in the drawing-office then established for the American Exhibition, and a year later was sent on important Government duties. In the same year he was appointed a compiler in the Bureau of Industry of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, a post he held for only one year, owing to his determination and longing to devote the whole of his life to painting and to study art in more Western lands. Later in the same year another Government appointment recalled him to Japan, and in Tokio he was given entire charge of the drawing department in the Fine Art section of the Kaisha. In 1877 he exhibited for the first time in the First International Exhibition in Tokio, gaining an award for "Kevarnons" (flowers), and in 1879 he journeyed to Kyoto and Nara in pursuit of his studies. In 1881 he again carried off the prizes at the Second International Exhibition. In the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 he showed several drawings of scenes in the Nikko Mountains, and the same year made his first appearance in Bond Street; but when the war with China broke out he returned, and has since been busy upon war-pictures.

The *Artist* has been spurred into active rivalry by the younger *Studio*; and its winter number, dealing with the art of Mr. Frederick Sandys, is of remarkable interest from various standpoints. It was the late Mr. J. M. Gray, of Edinburgh, one of the most cultured art-critics of our day, who "discovered" Sandys for the great mass of laymen. Mr. Joseph Pennell's claims to have been the discoverer are summarily brushed aside by the *Artist*, with a touch of righteous indignation. One can see the hand of Mr. W. M. Meredith in this number. The son of the novelist, he is a partner in the firm of Messrs. Archibald Constable, under whom the *Artist* is reawakening to life, and Sandys' connection with the Meredith family dates far back. Of interest to all lovers of "Richard Feverel" is the beautiful portrait of Mrs. Meredith, painted by Sandys in 1864. There is also a charming drawing of Miss Marie Meredith, who is now Mrs. H. P. Sturgis, dated just thirty years later. Photogravure reproductions of "Judith" and "The Magdalen" complete this beautiful issue of the *Artist*.



THE FIRST FROST OF WINTER.

A Photographic Study by Mr. Matthew Surface, editor of "The Practical Photographer."

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"THE GEISHA"—IN TOWN AND ON TOUR.

The tremendous success of "The Geisha" is reassuring to all those who have to watch the progress of the musical side of the theatre. It becomes of special interest, too, by contrast with "The Mikado," the unfailing popularity of which is again in evidence at the Savoy. That contrast detracts from the merit of neither, for if the subject-matter is similar, each is distinct in treatment. At Daly's Miss Letty Lind holds her own as Miss Molly Seomore. An analytical pen were needed to trace the extraordinary evolution of Miss Lind from the dancing-girl of other days to the finished, unique actress we now know. Heavily handicapped at the start, in point of vocal power, she has developed a method of singing enunciation all her own, and for her a new type of song has been created by Mr. Sidney Jones. With peculiar charm all her own, she delights us with "The Monkey on the Stick" and with "The Interfering Parrot and the Canaries." After once hearing her in these, it will be a long time before we wish her the polite "Good-day" which she anticipates as the toy monkey's doom. The "Interfering Parrot"



she sings with an incomunicable touch of humour, in which there is not a trace of self-consciousness. The chorus is given with piquancy—

Polly winked his eye,
And Polly gave a sigh,
And Polly took his best hat down;
He called on Mrs. C.,
And took a cup of tea,
When Mr. C. had gone to town;
Then wisely wagged his head,
And seriously said—
"Well, husbands are a lot!
A pretty one you've got!
Such tales I never heard!
So dissolute a bird
I never met before!
What goings on! oh, lor!"

And a third contrast to the Daly and Savoy productions is offered by Mr. Edwardes' provincial company, which is playing this week at the Grand Theatre, with Miss Marie Studholme as Molly, Miss Geraldine Ulmar as O Mimosa San (Miss Marie Tempest's part), and Miss Andrée Corday as the French maid. This company opened at Brighton in August, and has met with great success. When it went to Scotland it was so enthusiastically received that visits to Edinburgh and Glasgow are booked from Dec. 14.



MISS LETTY LIND IN "THE GEISHA," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

“THE GEISHA” ON TOUR.

Photographs by Langfier, Glasgow.

MISS GERALDINE ULMAR AS O MIMOSA SAN.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AS MOLLY SEAMORE.



A GROUP OF TEA-GIRLS.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

GODS AND HALF-GODS.*

"Virgin Soil" is not a book for the hammock of a summer afternoon. It cannot be read—and appreciated—amid the hum of bees in immemorial elms. Rather is it the book for a dingy room and candle-light, while winter winds whirl about the crazy crows of a cramped square in

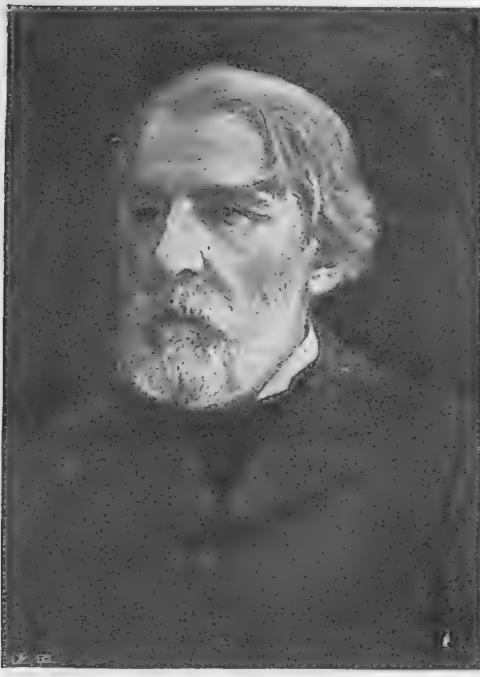
Bloomsbury, suggesting storm and rain far away. It cannot be read in a hurry, the analysis of character is too delicate for that; pages cannot be skipped, its grip is too strong; and it cannot be forgotten readily, the inevitableness of it makes too deep an impression, and the truth of it is too massive not to be remembered.

The Nihilism of Mr. Joseph Hatton and Mr. William le Queux is not the Nihilism of Turgenev, any more than Turgenev's Russia is that of Mr. Harry de Windt or Mr. George Kennan. In spite of a certain intimacy, these gentlemen are bound to treat Russia in the manner of "the outsider," the alien; Turgenev was

IVAN TURGENEV.

"inside"—he had the key to the room of Blue Beard; there was no need for him to scratch the Russian to discover the Tartar. To acts the most inconsequent and unaccountable he could assign the correct motives; he understood the irregular flutter of the heart of Young Russia, and could diagnose the disturbing influence, though he might not be able to suggest the proper sedative; and he was able to "describe his cases" scientifically—the word is used of set purpose—and yet with admirable humanity.

This is the story of "Virgin Soil." Nezhdanov is the illegitimate son of a Russian noble. As Dr. Garnett remarks in the thorough introduction he contributes to this edition, "He is the bastard child of Power allied to modern Sentimentality. Born with the brain of an aristocrat, he represents the uneasy, educated conscience of the aristocrats, the conscience which is ever seeking to propitiate and be responsible for 'the people,' but is ever driven back by its inability to make itself understood by the masses, which have been crystallised by hard facts, for hundreds of years, into a great caste of their own." A visionary and something of a poet, knowing that he is cut off from his own class in society, he strives to identify himself with "the people"; an aristocrat in essence, he attempts democracy, and becomes an ill-at-ease dweller in "underground Russia." His sympathies are with the people—really, one thinks, from personal and selfish motives—but he is not of the people. At the outset of the story he accepts a position as tutor in the household of a Government official, one Boris Andreitch Sipyagin, a far-off descendant of Mr. Facing Both-Ways, a Slav Tory-Democrat. In this household he meets Marianna, a relation of Sipyagin, and a dependent on his charity, a woman of most remarkable force of character, strong faith, and stern endurance. Indeed, she is of the stuff that martyrs are made of. Their acquaintance, originating in the coincidence of their political views, grows into love, or, to be more accurate, something which they mistake for love. They resolve to leave the Sipyagin household, where the position of each is irksome, and, beginning life as comrades, strive to find happiness in their own fellowship and in common work for the Cause. Marianna's enthusiasm is unquenchable; Nezhdanov's begins to flicker the moment the escape has been accomplished, and it is only under the stimulus of Marianna's presence and example that he keeps the furtive flame alive. They find a refuge in the house of Solomin, foreman of a neighbouring factory, a man of the same mould as Marianna, with this difference, that where she is hot and impetuous, Solomin is cool and cautious. He is the man who knows that revolution is evolution, and that the Golden Age is not to be retrieved by sudden upheaval. His motto is "Festina lente." He trusts to Time as the just arbitrator of all disputes; he is a type of the true Fabian. And he is a strong man. Nezhdanov recognises Solomin's strength, and recognises, too, that Solomin and not himself is the fitter mate for Marianna. To himself he confesses this, but his passion for Marianna will not let him do more than confess it to himself. He is racked by jealousy, and although



conscious of his own weakness—his sedulous introspection, the morphine habit of all weaklings, will not allow him to be unaware of that—desires to do something to draw her attention to him and confirm her choice. Dr. Garnett in his introduction attributes a higher motive to Nezhdanov's action. "He feels," he says, "he must identify himself with the real movement around him, or perish." This may be so, but one must not forget that passion was strong in Nezhdanov, and that passion is stronger, and a spring of action oftener, than the finest of high ideals. Nezhdanov's endeavour "to do something," "to identify himself with the real movement around him," ends in failure, and to him failure means one thing only—Death. His pride has suffered, and to his mind the smart can only be appeased by death. But even here his destiny of failure pursues him. He shoots himself, and awakes after a short unconsciousness to find Solomin and Marianna by his side. "Oh, I'm . . . still alive," he articulates, scarcely audibly. "Failed again." And then he dies. A pathetic letter he leaves enjoins Solomin and Marianna to marry, to "live happily—live to the good of others," and to think of him "as a man who was true and good too, but one for whom it was somehow more fitting to die than to live." And, indeed, it does seem as if it were more fitting for him to die. Democracy is served best by strong men; it has no room for weaklings in its ranks. And it seems fitting, too, that Solomin and Marianna should marry, as they ultimately do, for in the case of men and women of their stamp there can be no truth in "he travels the fastest who travels alone." It is a sad story, as all stories of failures must be.

Besides these three great types there is quite a number of others presented with equally delicate detail. There is Markelov, the sullen and inflammable; Golushkin, the drunken blusterer; Mashurina, an inscrutable woman, employed on secret service, and eating out her heart with love for Nezhdanov, a type of the "faithful unto death" female Nihilist; Paklin, the garrulous; Kallomyetsev, the reactionary pseudo-aristocrat. There is an especially carefully drawn portrait of Madame Sipyagin. She—

was full of that special charm which is peculiar to attractive egoists; in that charm there is no poetry nor true sensibility, but there is softness, there is sympathy, there is even tenderness. Only, these charming egoists must not be thwarted: they are fond of power, and will not tolerate independence in others. Women like Sipyagin excite and work upon inexperienced and passionate natures; for themselves they like regularity and a peaceful life. Virtue comes easy to them; they are inwardly unmoved; but the constant desire to sway, to attract, and to please, lends them mobility and brilliance: their will is strong, and their very fascination often depends on this strength of will. . . . Flirtation cost Sipyagin little; she was aware there was no danger for her, and never could be. And meantime, to make another's eyes grow dim and then sparkle again, to set another's cheeks flushing with desire and dread, another's voice quivering and breaking, to trouble another soul—oh! how sweet that was to her soul! How pleasant it was at night, as she lay down to untroubled slumbers in her pure, fresh nest, to recall those restless words and looks and sighs. . . . Such reflections were so soothing that she was often positively touched and ready to do some deed of mercy, to succour a fellow creature. . . . Once she had founded a tiny almshouse, after a Secretary of Legation, madly in love with her, had tried to cut his throat! She had prayed most sincerely for him, though the sentiment of religion had been feeble in her from her earliest years.

Madame Sipyagin is a most masterly presentation of the heartless flirt. Then, for a picture of old Russia—the Russia of the beginning of the century—nothing can be more charmingly humorous than the chapter describing Fomushka and Fimushka and their antiquated household—the two old folks who had lived so long by themselves that they had grown to be more like twins, physically and mentally, than like husband and wife. This chapter (XIX.) is a perfect miniature, every detail picked out with consummate art. But, indeed, consummate art is visible on every page of this remarkable book. One owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Constance Garnett for translating it; and one can well believe it to have been a labour of love.

It may be noted that there has been appearing in *Cosmopolis* a number of Turgenev's letters to Madame Pauline Viardot, Gustave Flaubert, and Madame Commandant. Indeed, he has become to the French reader what Tolstoi is to the English reader—a supreme exponent of Russian life, a man whose talent, though distinctly national in character, has yet in it those elements which secure international recognition. Turgenev spent much of his later life in France, and perhaps the most interesting passages of the daily epistles now being published are his constant references to and criticisms of the better-known French authors of his day. Turgenev was never entirely liked or trusted by any of them, save perhaps by Flaubert, with whom he had early formed a deep friendship. His judgment of the "Nabab" is curious: "This is a book where Daudet sometimes rises above his own level and sometimes falls infinitely below it. When he describes what he himself has seen the result is superb. When he 'makes up,' the result is slight, colourless, and not even original; and yet, in spite of everything, what there is good is so *very* good that I have almost made up my mind to write him a letter telling him my true opinion of the book," an intention which Turgenev faithfully carried out, as can be seen in a letter printed some thirteen years ago by M. Daudet in the *Century*. Notwithstanding his keen literary judgment, Turgenev does not seem to have had any knowledge of what was likely to prove a popular or pecuniary success. Thus in 1879 he observed incidentally that "Nana" had fallen very flat. On the other hand, he was one of the very first to recognise the genius of Tolstoi. Another instalment of Turgenev's letters are to appear in the January *Cosmopolis*.

W. A. M.



THE QUAKERESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BEAUFORT, BIRMINGHAM.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

JOHNNY : Grandmamma, is Heaven marked on the map?

GRANDMAMMA : Bless the boy, no !

JOHNNY : Well, I 've just found Hell—only they spell it with a "u."

THE EVOLUTION OF DON JUAN

DRAWN BY CARAN D'ACHE.



Once he was a troubadour.



The Don Juan who was courtier to Louis XIV. turned monk. He had nothing left to do.



In the time of Louis XV. he was a Jacobin and ended during Thermidor.



In the Old Régime he was a dancing-master at Coblenz.



In 1803 he became a Marshal under Louis Philippe.



During the First Empire he was a Government clerk.



The Don Juan of the Restoration became a draper.



Don Juan Dumas père became a gentleman farmer and mayor of his parish.



The Don Juan of 1850 became a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Volunteers.



The Don Juan of the Second Empire was the worst-tempered member of his club. He had a liver, but remained something of a dandy.



The Don Juan of 1872 is now a Deputy and once knew Gambetta.



The modern Don Juan has but one aim in life—to secure an American heiress.



BISMARCKIAN REVELATIONS: THE UNSEALED SECRET.

DRAWN BY HARRY B. NEILSON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A DEVOTED MOTHER.

BY H. B. FINLAY KNIGHT.

The long August day had drawn to its close; the sun, which had blazed for fourteen hours, had just set, and the last lingering glow was fading from the sky. The thousands of tiny creatures which lived in the woods and meadows round Idstone Court had gone to their sleeping-places; the owls and foxes were preparing for their night's hunting, and the bats were flitting about as if in the mazes of some complicated country-dance.

All the windows of the Court were thrown wide open to catch the breeze which had sprung up with the setting of the sun, but inside the house it was still unbearably hot. Outside the drawing-room windows, on the terrace, which ran along the lawn, brilliant with flower-beds, Lady Lawford and her guest were sitting in cane garden-chairs with a cane tea-table between them, fanning themselves languidly. A grey Welsh collie was playing with a fox-terrier on the lawn below them, the two creatures rolling over one another, snapping and growling in pretended anger, while a dignified, middle-aged pug was walking gravely about watching his juniors at play, and now and again stopping in front of his mistress and looking up at her with beady black eyes, as if to call her attention to the contrast between their light-hearted gambols and his own reverend, almost clerical, demeanour. Lady Lawford, a tall, graceful woman, was as smartly dressed as if for a large dinner-party. She had been a beauty all her life, and even now, at the age of nearly fifty, she had some pretensions to be still called so—indeed, had it not been for the mass of almost perfectly white hair which was so carefully dressed on her small head, she would not have looked within ten years of her age. She lay back in her chair, gazing through half-shut eyes at the three-quarters of a mile of rolling park, fringed with dark masses of trees, through the trunks of which the last rose-coloured clouds showed ever more faintly.

"She seemed too lazy to talk; or was it that her guest being a person of no more consequence than the Vicar's wife, she thought it her guest's duty to find the conversation? This worthy person, on her part, seemed as much oppressed by the heat as her hostess, and the two sat in silence for some minutes. At last Mrs. Macqueen roused herself sufficiently to remark languidly, "I wonder what has become of Nina. Poor girl, I thought she looked so white at dinner! I suppose the sun has been too much for her to-day."

Lady Lawford opened her soft grey eyes, and said gently, "Nina always makes a point of going into all the houses every night and putting the flowers to bed. Isn't it sweet of her? No matter how tired she is, she never neglects that. She looks tired to-night; I don't know why; she's been in her room all the afternoon."

"She looks worried, to me," the Vicar's wife said bluntly.

Lady Lawford smiled sweetly, with that gentle, sympathetic look in her eyes which, to more than one man, had been her greatest charm.

"My dear Mrs. Macqueen," she said, in a soft staccato, "what can she have to worry her? Ever since she lost her father—six years ago now—and came to live here, her life has been one of unclouded happiness. We have been like mother and daughter, or, indeed—you mustn't laugh at me—more like two sisters than anything else. I've watched her mind gradually form. She has grown up under my eye, which so few daughters do in these days."

"You've been most good to her. She's no relation, is she?"

"Not of mine. Her father was Sir Martin's cousin, and that was why we took charge of her. I did it at first to please my dear husband, and when I lost him I could not have borne to part with anybody of whom he had been fond."

"It would have been very lonely for you here—with Ronald away so much, too."

"Oh, yes, indeed; nobody knows what I suffered in losing him. But what can one do? It's the penalty of having clever children that one loses them so soon. And I'm quite a good mother in that way. I couldn't bear to think of Ronald, with his talents and his connections, wasting his time and missing his chances in a stupid country-house like this."

"He's in Vienna now, is he not?"

"Yes; he's been there nearly four months. Sir Roland Stafford's a connection of mine, and he made great interest to have Ronald with him. Just now, they say, the key of the Eastern Question is in the Emperor's hands, and I'm so glad to think that Ronald's in the very heart of affairs."

"Yes," said the Vicar's wife drily, "I can fancy that"; and she added inconsequently, "Nina's very pretty, isn't she?"

"Well, now, do you think so? I never can quite make up my mind whether she is or not. Sometimes she looks quite charming, and at others—well—"

"She doesn't?"

"Oh, no! I can't say that—indeed, why should I say anything about it at all? Good looks are so entirely a question of taste, are they not? And here she comes to stop our discussion of her. Well, Nina darling, have you put all your babies to bed?"

A young girl came slowly and wearily along the terrace and joined them. She had a small bouquet in her hand, which she now and again put to her lips and kissed, as if it had been alive.

All men, and nearly all women, would have called her very pretty in a soft, infantine way. Her complexion was like the inner petals of a rose; her wavy hair was the colour of the chestnuts that in a few weeks would be lying strewn all over the park, and underneath its curls her little ears looked white and transparent as shells. Hers was the soft, tender beauty of all young things, and, by all the rules of Nature, should have been set, as it were, in smiles and quick, graceful movements. But there was no light in her dark eyes, no smile on her pouting lips; her walk was heavy and languid, and when one of the dogs, hoping he had found a new playfellow, came frisking and jumping on her, she pushed him away without even looking at him. She sat down listlessly in one of the cane chairs, and, without answering Lady Lawford's question, closed her eyes.

"It's very hot, isn't it?" she said, sighing wearily.

The Vicar's wife looked at her curiously; then, becoming conscious by some sixth sense that Lady Lawford's eyes were fixed on her, she turned and met them. They fell beneath her sharp glance.

"I wonder what she's thinking of?"

The same words rose to the lips of each, but neither spoke them.

"We were just talking of Ronald," said the Vicar's wife. "I hear that he's at Vienna."

The girl seemed to change colour a little, and her forehead contracted; but she answered with seeming indifference—

"Yes; isn't it nice for him?"

"Such a gay place, too—at least, I've always heard so. Of course, Lady Lawford, it's an excellent thing for him in one way; but I should have thought that a capital where there was less temptation, as it were—you know what I mean, I'm sure. The Austrian ladies are *dreadful* flirts—the married ones, I mean. Isn't it shocking? But, of course, it always is so in Roman Catholic countries, don't you think?"

"I think there are some Protestant countries where the houses have a great deal of glass about them," Lady Lawford said, smiling. "Don't let us set the example of throwing stones, or some of them may come back in our own direction. I'm afraid that even in England we're not all quite so good as we seem."

"No—oh, how true that is! But still, don't you think, dear Lady Lawford, that an English lady, brought up as English ladies, thank God! are, is less likely to—how shall I put it? You needn't go away, Nina. I'm not going to say anything dreadful. What's the matter, dear? Don't you feel well?"

The girl had risen suddenly, and was standing with her hand pressed to her side and a look of pain on her face.

"No—no; I don't think I do. I've got a—a palpitation—yes, that's the word. Don't go, Mrs. Macqueen, pray. It's quite early, you know; but, I think, if you'll forgive me, I'll go to my room."

"Dearest child!" said Lady Lawford, rising in agitation. "Is it really bad? Would you like me to send for Dr. Saunders? He'd be here in half an hour, you know."

"Oh, no, no, auntie! Not for worlds. I shall be all right in a little time. It's only the heat, I dare say. Good-night, Mrs. Macqueen."

"Aren't you going to say good-night to the doggies, darling? Oh, poor things, how unkind of you! Here, Taffy! Scamp! come and say good-night to your sister."

The dogs came up fawning and wriggling their sleek bodies, and the girl stooped and patted their heads. The terrier sprang backwards, barking and challenging her to come and have one romp with him before he was shut up for the night; but the collie turned his head round over his shoulder and licked her wrist and arm with his long, wet tongue, as if he would never have ceased.

"Good Taffy," said Nina, with tears in her voice. "That'll do, old dog; you're very fond of your sister, are you not? There, good-night—be a good dog."

She gave him a hasty pat and passed into the house. The Vicar's wife saw a handkerchief flutter to her eyes as she crossed the window-sill and entered the darkening drawing-room.

"That child's hysterical, if nothing more," she said gravely. "Really, you ought to let her see someone."

"Poor child!" said Lady Lawford; "I think she wants a change. I think I shall have to take her away somewhere—for a good long voyage perhaps."

"But I thought you were such a bad sailor?"

"Oh, so I am—shocking! but I daresay I should get over it. A woman's first duty is to her children, you know; and dear Nina's almost my own child, isn't she?"

"H'm," said the Vicar's wife, "I don't know"; and she added to herself, "I should feel very unhappy just now if she were mine."

Three hours later, Nina, with a loose dressing-jacket thrown over her dinner-dress, was still up, sitting at her escritoire in the window of her pretty bedroom and writing fast. Two or three sheets of note-paper, torn across and across, lay on the floor beside her, and showed that what she was writing was no mere letter of gossip to amuse a girl-friend. Suddenly she heard behind her a rustle of draperies; she looked round with a smothered cry, hastily covering her paper with an instinctive movement of her arm. Lady Lawford was in the room—no longer the gentle, smiling, well-preserved hostess of the evening, but a tall, ghostly figure, looking at Nina out of hard, haggard eyes, a writhed smile on her lips barely masking her set, pitiless mouth.

"Oh, Auntie!" the girl stammered. "What is it? How you frightened me! Do you want anything?"

"I heard you moving about," said Lady Lawford, in a dull voice. "I couldn't sleep either—no wonder. Nina, there are two miserable women in this house to-night."

The girl turned as pale as the sheets on her bed—that pretty little virginal couch which stood, all draped with chintz, in the corner of the room.

"Why couldn't you sleep?" she whispered, her fingers twitching; and, as Lady Lawford made no reply, she ventured to steal a look at her face. What she saw there frightened her. She started up, and, with a despairing gesture, put both her hands to her head. She recoiled a step, then, in a moment, she threw herself on her knees before her whom she called Auntie, and, seizing her gown, buried her face in it.

"Get up, Nina," said Lady Lawford, in the same passionless voice. "I want to speak to you, and I may as well do it now."

The girl began to sob till her whole body quivered. It was not like weeping. She uttered short, quick groans—a horrid sound of woe.

"Get up," Lady Lawford repeated. "What good will crying do? Get up."

"Oh, Auntie!" panted the girl; "let me stay here. I can't look at you when you look like that. Isn't it horrible?"

"Why did you leave me to find it out?"

"How could I tell you—in what words? How did you find it out?"

Lady Lawford hesitated. She had an unpleasant avowal to make.

"Did Ronnie write to you?" whispered Nina.

"No; I almost wish he had. I opened your letter to him. Here it is. Oh, I suspected something, but nothing like this—you wretches!"

A letter rustled and cracked as she took it from its envelope; and the girl sprang up, her face, which had been so pale, flaming with indignation.

"You coward!" she cried. "You treacherous woman! You've known this for a week, and you've gone on pretending to love me and to be good to me, and saw me breaking my heart for an answer to it, while all the time it had never been sent. What right have you to touch my letter? Give it me at once!" she cried, stamping her foot.

"Never mind by what right. I shall not give it to you; I shall burn it. You are not to send it. Look."

She put the letter which she held into the flame of the candle on the writing-table. There was a flash as it blazed up, and she threw it quickly into the fireplace. It was very soon ashes.

"Aunt Lucy," Nina said, in a low, passionate voice—"no, Lady Lawford, I mean—I hate you! Do you want to kill me? Why am I not to send it? Will you write, and spare me—that?"

"No. Ronald shall not know of—of what was in that letter."

The girl stared with wide-open, dry eyes.

"Not know! But he must know. What is to become of me?"

"I shall take care of you. You'll do what I tell you, or—"

"Well, Lady Lawford—or what?"

"We needn't discuss it. You will do what I tell you."

"And may I ask why Ronnie is not to know? Am I a housemaid, to be treated like this?"

"Never mind what you are—now. He is not to know because—because—oh, why need we mince matters?—because, if he knew, he would want to marry you."

The girl burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Marry me! Why, of course—he must marry me. Who else will? Am I to remain unmarried all my life for his sake?"

Lady Lawford looked at her and set her teeth. She knew that with soft, sympathetic words she could bend the girl to her will as she always had done; but under her calm, smiling manner she had a bitter temper, kept under admirable control usually, but now and again refusing to answer to the rein.

"He will never marry you," she said slowly. "I forbid it. When he marries it will be somebody quite unlike you. At any time I should have forbidden it—but now! You must see for yourself that it would ruin him."

The scorn of the woman who had never been tempted much for the woman who had yielded to temptation cut like a whip. For the first time, perhaps, the girl saw herself as other women would see her if they knew as much as Lady Lawford. The sight of herself took away her breath. She thought she was going to faint, and she sat down slowly, the room swimming and the figure of Lady Lawford wavering before her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said humbly, after a minute; "I see what you mean. And the worst of it is, we don't care for each other. It would have been some little consolation to me to think we had loved each other. It's a little hard on me, though, isn't it?"

She sighed in such a heart-broken manner that Lady Lawford was touched a little; she was not a very bad-hearted woman, only her whole ambition was wrapped up in her son, and nothing was of any consequence compared to his success in life.

"We'll talk about this in the morning, Nina," she said, in a more kindly tone. "We shall be able to manage somehow, no doubt. Now go to bed and try to go to sleep."

She bent over and kissed her forehead very slightly; but her lips were cold, and the girl did not attempt to respond to the caress.

"Yes," she said, as one talking in her sleep, "we shall manage somehow. I must try to go to sleep. Good-night."

Lady Lawford went back to her own room, but she did not even try

to go to sleep. She had opened Nina's letter only that night, having kept it for a week before she could bring herself to such baseness, and having been spurred on to it at last only by the look she had seen on the face of the Vicar's wife.

Over and over again she congratulated herself on having opened it; but at the bottom of her heart she felt bitterly ashamed of what she had done.

"But he shall never marry her," she repeated as she walked backwards and forwards in her room, her hands clasped before her. "Right or wrong—whatever is to be done, and God only knows what that must be—he shall never marry her. It would ruin him."

She cried a little from time to time, for she could not see what she was to do; but each fit of weeping ended in the same words, "Come what may, he shall not marry her."

Nina's room was on the opposite side of the corridor, very near her own. Since she had left it, three hours before, she had heard no sound in it. Once or twice she had wondered, in a dazed, stupid way, why the girl was so quiet, and whether it were possible that she slept.

"If I were in her place, I should never sleep again," she had said once, with a kind of resentment. Ronald Lawford, far away in Vienna, was probably sleeping like a baby at that moment; but his mother would have seen nothing odd in that.

The morning was beginning to peep through the half-closed curtains of Lady Lawford's room, mingling with the radiance of the candles on her dressing-table, and making that wan, creepy light which he who has once seen it when keeping watch by the bedside of a dying love never forgets. Half-awakened birds were chirping sleepily in the ivy which surrounded her windows, and a cock was crowing in a distant farm-yard.

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She heard a door open very softly. She put out her candles and listened with all her ears. Soft, hasty footsteps passed along the corridor and down the stairs, the old oak creaking noisily under them. Her heart began to beat fast; she threw on a thick, fleecy dressing-gown, and glided out of her room to the top of the staircase. The sound of the footsteps had ceased, but there was a noise of window-shutters cautiously unfastened. She stole down and glided across the dark hall. She saw the daylight streaming through the open door of the library. A draught of cold air came with the daylight and made her shiver with more than bodily chill, but she followed the footsteps into the room. The window was opened wide, and from it she saw Nina hastily crossing the lawn, a dark mantle covering her white draperies.

By the side of the house ran a little stream; a hundred yards from the terrace it was dammed, so that it formed a wide, deep pool, full of fish, a happy hunting-ground for many ducks and their broods. The dark figure was going straight towards the place where, from a spring-board, Ronald Lawford, bathing while the household was still asleep, had been wont to plunge into eight feet of water.

At that moment she was all woman. Her heart seemed to stop beating; a cry rose to her lips, and she darted forward.

The Devil saw his chance, and pointed out to her the way out of her difficulties.

She smothered the cry, and stopped short at the window. It seemed a long time before there was a splash in the dull water, and there came to her ears, preternaturally acute, a cry for help that ceased immediately. Covering them with her hands, she fled back to her room over the stairs, which cried under her feet like a furious mob hunting down a murderer.

A LITTLE GIRL ON LADY JERSEY'S NEW BOOK.

[The best test of the readability of a child's book is the opinion of little readers on it themselves. Here is a review of the Countess of Jersey's new story, "Eric, Prince of Lorlonia" (Macmillan), written by a little girl of nine.]

This book was about two little children, Olga and Eric, whose parents were dead. Eric, who was Prince of Lorlonia, was nine months old, and his sister eleven years older. They had a cousin who wanted to become their Regent, to kill them, and become Prince instead, so he besieged the castle and took it. Before that, he went to a deserted city, called the Rose City, because it was built of pink marble, which was very pretty. It was said that a magician lived there, who would answer three questions to people that were relations to the Princes of Lorlonia, but he would only answer them on the eve before Midsummer Day; also, his advice never failed. When Count Valdimir (for that was the cousin's name) reached the city he was shown into the presence of the old man. The second question was, "What would become of Eric?" Answer: "His fate was in the hands of a girl." First question: "Who shall be Prince of L——?" Answer: "He who will win it by a wish and hold it by love of his people." Third question: "How shall I become King of Lorlonia?" Answer: "He who crosses those mountains yonder and the stream on the other side of them first, after the great bell of this city has tolled the passing year, shall have one of the wishes in his life fulfilled, whichever wish he chooses." After a time, Olga and Eric escape from their cousin, and come to an island inhabited by monkeys, except the Duke, his wife, and son. Olga, by a magic ring, recovers the monkeys' rightful city for them (which is the Rose City) and changes the monkeys back to human beings, their natural forms. She gets across the stream first, and she chooses that the Count will become good and love Eric. All that happens. Eric becomes Prince, and Olga marries the Duke's son Raymond. I thought the book very interesting indeed.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The laws of Association football are not nearly so troublesome as are those of the Rugby game, and yet it cannot be said that we have yet attained perfection. The rule relating to the goal-keeper has from time to time given rise to discussion, and has been frequently altered, but that it is now completely satisfying few will contend.

As the law stands, the goal-keeper can be charged with impunity directly he comes in contact with the ball. That is to say, if the ball is sailing towards the goal-keeper, an opponent can also make threateningly for him, and this opponent would be in order even if he palpably robbed the goal-keeper of the freedom of movement necessary for a thorough clearance.

For the life of me I cannot see why the goal-keeper should not be made to actually hold the ball before being rendered liable to a charge. This is an old suggestion, and was actually brought under the notice of the International Board, but they, for some reason or other, would not entertain the proposed amendment, their reason being, I believe, that they did not see the necessity for placing the goal-keeper under a glass case.

That is all very well, looked at from the standpoint of smartness. But much of the humour is lost when a serious accident occurs. I do not suggest that

football should lose any of its dash and manliness, but I think it right, now that professionalism obtains to so enormous an extent, that the laws should strictly act against undue roughness. The poor goal-keeper of the present can be made to have a very bad time of it.

Perhaps quite the most successful competition ever formulated in connection with the game of football is the United League. Although in its first year, this tournament has proved a veritable triumph. Only eight clubs are engaged, but these are of remarkable equality in skill, and it is extremely difficult to foretell the result of any one match; so much so, that now there is not a single unbeaten club in the League. Millwall and the Arsenal are first and second, and look likely to fight out the championship.

In connection with the Arsenal's visit to Kettering the other day, by the way, a most unfortunate accident—the first in this United League—happened. Powell, the famous Arsenal back, fell on to his shoulder and sustained a compound fracture. The circumstance is rendered all the more sad from the fact that just previously Powell had returned to the game after a long absence caused by another bad accident. Powell is a grand back, and everybody will hope for his speedy recovery.

Interest in the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby match is growing into quite an excitement. Both teams are performing splendidly; but, as in last season, the Light Blues are showing superiority. Their record is positively overwhelming; but in comparing it with Oxford's, it must not be forgotten that the Dark Blues have played both Newport and Cardiff, who would probably beat the Light even as they beat the Dark Blues.

The portrait given on this page is of Mr. F. S. Walford, a Southern referee, young in the practice but quite a veteran in the sport of Association football. Mr. Walford was born very close to Perry Barr about thirty years ago, and was, in his day, a very fine and a very unfortunate goal-keeper. It is worth noting that he was contemporaneous with Caesar Jenkyns, the well-known half-back, in a very small and now extinct Birmingham club.

CRICKET.

Lord Hawke's team for the West Indies, which leaves England on Jan. 13 next year, contains some well-known players and some players who are not well known; but the combination will, I doubt not, be able to take care of itself. At the same time, there is just a possibility of his lordship being surprised, as he was at the Cape.

Lord Hawke himself is not to be despised, especially against bowling not first class, and he and Mr. H. R. Bromley-Davenport will probably make the ball go during the tour. These are the two big hitters on the side. Davenport made his reputation as a Middlesex man. At Cambridge he was a bowler merely; in Cheshire County he was a batsman and a bowler, without great success in either department; but on behalf of Middlesex he has stamped himself one of the most dangerous cricketers in the country.

Then there is Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, who had the honour last year of leading Oxford on to one of the most glorious and, at the same



MR. F. S. WALFORD.

Photo by Prestwich, Tottenham.

time, unpleasant victories on record. Gower is the prospective captain of Surrey, and is not unlikely to head the averages in the West Indies. He is a beautiful little bat, free as well as correct, and last season he was dreadfully unlucky to miss a century against the Australians. I think he made 97.

Another of last year's Oxford eleven, and a Middlesex man, is Mr. P. F. Warner, one of the artistic school. Warner distinguished himself in the 'Varsity match by being twice run out when looking "set." As a fieldsman—either at third man or out in the country—Warner is always brilliant, and he will no doubt become one of the "great" bats that Oxford has turned out.

Mr. G. S. Bardswell, also of Oxford, and next year's 'Varsity captain, will represent Lancashire. Bardswell is a fair all-round man, without being particularly brilliant in either department. As a "short slip" he has many mannerisms, and it is amusing to see him creep closer directly the ball has left the bowler's hand.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The past flat-race season has been one of the most successful on record. The most gratifying events in connection with the season were the victories of Persimmon in the Derby and St. Leger and Thais in the One Thousand Guineas. The Prince of Wales has been a good patron of the Turf for a number of years, and he deserved success. I wish now his Royal Highness would once more patronise steeplechasing and have a try to win the Grand National. Many will remember that The Scot carried the royal colours at Liverpool on the day the Duke of Albany died, but The Scot was a bad horse, and I should like to see the Prince own a real good jumper.

In connection with racing in Manchester, a good tale is told of a certain year when Mr. Quartemaine East went there to try to win the Handicap. On the morning of the race, he was sitting at breakfast in the coffee-room of the Queen's Hotel, when a stranger approached and said, "I believe I have the honour, sir, to be addressing Mr. East?" "That is my name," replied the addressed. "May I presume, sir, to ask you a question?" rejoined the stranger. "As many as you like, sir," replied Mr. East affably. To his astonishment the unknown one gravely asked, "Can your mare swim?" and then, with some dignity, added, "'Cause, if she can't, she ain't got no bloomin' earthly." The course was in much the state implied by the foregoing remark when Golden Drop won in 1893. On that occasion, after the race, Mr. George Hodgman, who created a little scene in the weighing-room, apologised to Harry Hall for the hasty remarks he made about the race.

Twenty-one thousand pounds for four races! Such a state of things would have caused our grandfathers to open their eyes wide with astonishment. And yet this is what we find advertised by the Sandown and Warwick executives. The former body offer £10,000 for the Century Stakes, to be run in 1900, for the four- and five-year-olds, and £1000 for the Sandown Scurry, to be run in 1898, for the three-year-olds and upwards. As its name implies, it is a five-furlong sprint. The efforts of the Warwick people, however, are the most unique. They offer two £5000 prizes for a steeple- and hurdle-race, to be run in 1900, for four-year-olds and upwards. These are the largest sums ever given for a race under National Hunt rules, and the three hundred entries stipulated for should be secured with little difficulty. Nominators can get out for 5 sovs. in October next year, 10 sovs. in January 1898, 20 sovs. a year later, and 40 sovs. in January 1900.

Barring Quarrel, Laodamia, Chasseur, Cold Steel, and Court Ball, who won a race for the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at Leopardstown, the horses that followed Clorane at Lincoln have done next to nothing during the season. El Diablo has won a small race—a club welter—for Mr. Rucker; but Tithonus, Hebron, Asterlin, Amandier, Easter Gift, Gangway, and Minstrel Boy have all been conspicuous failures, although one of them—Easter Gift—has been backed heavily more than once, and is given a great chance in the Lancashire Handicap this week. Earl of Annandale has won one race, the Marine Plate at Brighton; but King's House and Vigoreux have not caught the judge's eye in England, although the latter has won a couple of races in France. Of the batch first mentioned, Quarrel has secured the Royal Hunt Cup, Chasseur the Steward's Cup, Laodamia the Stockbridge and Doncaster Cups, and Cold Steel the Liverpool Stewards' Cup. The winner, Clorane, has only run once since he was unplaced to Victor Wild in the Jubilee.

The poor professional jockeys will have little work to do this winter as there are so many amateur riders who take all the mounts they can get. Arthur Nightingall will be busy, so will George Williamson and R. Nightingall. J. Jones, who is attached to Wheeler's stable, is always in great request, and E. Hunt and R. Chaloner get plenty of riding. I hope George Morris, a very capable horseman, will get more mounts than he did last year, and Harry Barker is a capable rider who should be seen oftener in the saddle. Of amateur riders, Messrs. Atkinson, Beatty, Bewick, Bletsoe, Nord, Lushington, Gordon, Sir C. Slade, W. P. Cullen, and last, though not least, Captain Hope-Johnstone, will, I believe, be often seen riding during the winter months.

SANDOW.

As the craze for physical exercise of all kinds seems to be now at fever-heat, Sandow's return to England, after a considerable absence in America, is most opportune, judging by the burst of applause which was



SANDOW'S MUSCLES.

Photo by Park, New York.

evoked the other night at the London Pavilion by the mere exposure of the number of his turn, let alone the reception given him on his actual appearance before the footlights.

Sandow affords in his own person the best possible certificate of the value of his method of physical culture, for, notwithstanding the strain on his powers during his recent tours, he comes up again looking handsomer than ever, very much stronger, and generally fulfilling one's conception of the ideal man as one may suppose him first turned out from the hands of the Creator. What is particularly "fetching" in the performance of everything he does is the singular grace of carriage accompanying each, while every gesture is totally devoid of the affectation usually to be met with in strong men. It speaks volumes for the soundness of Sandow's system of muscle-development that it has been officially adopted in the Training Depots of the British Army. Its simplicity is one of its great merits. Mainly, it may be said to consist in the moderate, regular, and constant exercise of each and every muscle of the human, individually and in combination with others. Sandow is a strong opponent of heavy dumb-bells for exercise. A light dumb-bell or bar-bell, of from three to five pounds, is what he advises being used. In America he had thousands of pupils, while he awarded no less than 1600 gold medals to those whose attention to his system had brought up their muscles to his somewhat severe standard of sufficiency. Sandow does not advocate the use of the trapezium, rings, vertical pole,

and other paraphernalia of the ordinary gymnasium, holding that every muscle can be more judiciously exercised and without overstrain with the dumb-bells and standing on the ground. He is very insistent on the danger of over-exertion. His own success is the product of his system. There is not a muscle in his body which has not been brought up to the perfection of development. He has invented a machine the object of which is to exercise the stretching and pulling-up muscles of the leg; also those that draw the legs apart, and those that bring them close together, which are those used in gripping the saddle when riding. The whole is furnished with stirrups, india-and-fibre bands, so as to allow of the exercise required.



SANDOW'S DOG.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

Sandow commences his performance at the London Pavilion with an object-lesson of his muscular developments. By an effort of will he distends the various groups of muscles to extreme tension, showing successively the biceps, triceps, trapezius, deltoid, the muscles of the back and of the abdomen. The feats which follow are not each evening the

same, but he generally turns a somersault from the knees to a standing position, holding 56 lb. in each hand. This is an extraordinarily difficult performance. With the same weights in his hands he may next lie prone, supported only by neck and heels, and, keeping himself rigid in this position, let four men stand on his body. Another probable feat will be balancing a 300 lb. bar-bell on his knees while holding in his hands another bar-bell weighing 130 lb., with two men in addition sitting on its ends. Most wonderful is his lifting a Roman chariot, weighing about 340 lb., with one hand from a prone position to an upright one. It is not only the great weight, but the balance required, which makes the strain tremendous. One of the feats he used to perform in America was supporting a platform of great weight and his entire company of eighteen persons (including "Scottie," the calculating collie) on his shoulders. The company not being in England, he contents himself with supporting a bridge, weighing 800 lb., on his chest, and letting a heavy horse, attached to a chariot in which there stands a charming young lady, pass over him. This is considered quite the grandest of his feats. It will be interesting to learn that Sandow's record weight for finger-lifting is 600 lb.; for stone-lifting with one or two hands, while standing on two chairs or other supports, and raising the weight from that position, it is 1500 lb.; while with a leather collar round the neck 4800 lb. is his record. He can raise a dumb-bell of 340 lb., and slowly too, to arm's length above his head. Sandow is no advocate of a strict diet, nor for violent exercise; the pupil should never get disgusted with his exercises; but he is most especially insistent on the necessity of persistence, regularity, and the order of precedence and sequence in practising this or that exercise being maintained. One of the most convincing examples of the enormous strength of his hands is exhibited in his tearing in two three packs of cards placed together. Yet he accomplishes this feat with comparative ease.

The dog which figures on this page is a Great Dane, much beloved by Sandow, and from the many anecdotes he relates of its deeds of



A MACHINE FOR EXERCISING THE MUSCLES.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

prowess it must be comparatively as strong as its master. It is said to be very particular that the valise it carries habitually in its mouth when travelling has the full complement of brushes, &c. On one occasion the regular Gladstone bag was hidden away on purpose. But a bag the dog would have, so picked up the nearest at hand, which chanced to belong to a little Jew, a travelling jeweller. The little man's consternation on seeing his property disappearing, and yet fearing to take it from the dog, was most comical.

Sandow's feats when he was last in England made such a deep impression on everyone that it will be unnecessary to recapitulate them, but a short account of some of those performed lately in America, and which will be repeated here at the London Pavilion, may be of interest. He lifted a 500 lb. weight with his middle finger; he lifted two men concealed in the spheres of a large bar-bell above his head; he suffered three horses to stand on a plank placed on his chest, supporting himself only on his feet and hands. The Roman column was another feat. It consists in being seated on a horse and throwing oneself backwards over the tail and picking up a man or a dumb-bell. This tries the muscles of the back most severely. Sandow does not seem to suffer any fatigue after his exertions, and his ice-cold bath seems to set him up immediately.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to know that Sandow's height is 5 ft. 8½ in. The dimensions of his muscular developments in America—they have since increased somewhat—were: neck, 18 in.; biceps, 19½ in.; fore-arm, 16¾ in.; waist, 29 in.; chest, 48 in., distended, 62 in.; thigh, 26¾ in.; calf, 18 in.; weight, 196 lb.

Sandow is accompanied on this occasion to London by his wife, *née* Miss Blanche Brookes, the daughter of the well-known art photographer, Warwick Brookes, of Manchester, to whom he was united by the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair, and by their four-weeks-old baby, who, weighing eighteen pounds and being photographed on the day of his birth, may fairly claim to be a wonderful child.

T. H. L.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 5.30; to-morrow, 5.28; Friday, 5.26; Saturday, 5.25; Sunday, 5.23; Monday, 5.21; Tuesday, 5.20.

Cycling has now invaded the region of the Christmas Card, as you will see by the two pictures I reproduce here by kind permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, whose series of cards for the season



Reproduced from Christmas Cards by permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited.

strikes me as beating the record of this enterprising house. A bicycle calendar has been issued by Messrs. L. Prang and Co., of Boston, U.S.A. It consists of five coloured sheets (12½ by 9½ inches), showing the cyclist in all moods.

From Paris I hear great complaints as to the muddy state of the streets. If our neighbours complain of the Paris streets, what would they say to a ride through the Metropolis on a day such as favoured the cyclists who accompanied the motor-cars on their journey to Brighton? There is, however, no doubt that the Paris streets are not kept as they were under the Old Régime. The Bois de Boulogne still retains its popularity, and is gay of an afternoon with what seems an endless stream of bicyclettes.

At the Sign of the Butterfly. Under this title appears a modest little paper which, although small in size, is of great pretensions. The name suggests something stronger than milk-and-water, but the club which is represented by this small periodical does not, I believe, hold a licence for the sale of any excisable liquor, nor does it boast of a promenade, although under the guidance of Mrs. Ormiston Chant. The club, which is confined to the sex represented by the divided skirt, bloomers, or knickerbockers, partakes of the military style. There are presidents, vice-presidents, captains, vice-captains, and, I suppose, the various other grades. Under the rather appropriate title of "Official Fireworks," Vice-President (Mrs.) Ormiston Chant contributes a page on cycling, and fairly takes one's breath away with the flippant manner in which she speaks of bikes. Altogether, the *Sign of the Butterfly* is a very go-ahead little journal, and with such moving spirits as Madame Sarah Grand, Captain Mrs. Boxer, Captain Miss Gatliff, and a few other such jovial spirits, the chrysalis stage may soon be expected to pass and the *Butterfly* emerge in all its glory with the bright colours of the 11th Hussars—without their nickname *bien entendu*.

"You press the button, we do the rest," is what the Westminster Cycle and Autocar Company, of Victoria Street, say; and a very convenient arrangement it is. One of the bugbears of cycling is the thought of having to clean one's bike. This need no longer weigh on one's mind. The above-mentioned company now undertake, for the small fee of one shilling and ninepence per week, to keep your bicycle at their dépôt, clean and keep it in order, and deliver it whenever wanted, day or night, at your door a very few minutes after ordering. All that is required is to have a call-box fixed in your room, and when you wish to go pedalling you press the button, and, by the time you are ready to start, the machine is at the door. Then, on returning, once more the button is brought into use, the boy appears, and away goes your steed to the stable. On those living in small houses or flats, where there is difficulty in housing cycles, this arrangement will confer a great boon.

It has suddenly dawned upon me (a correspondent writes) that there is a justification for the order of "George, Ranger," which forbids Hyde Park to us after twelve o'clock. The idea struck me when I was having a spin on the Lady's Mile this morning. If we could go to Hyde Park at any hour of the day, should we ever go early in the morning? Some of us might, I dare say; but most of us wouldn't. Most of us would put it off until an hour before luncheon; then, until an



hour after luncheon; then, looking out of the window, we should see signs of approaching dusk, and have no ride that day. Thus the Duke's arbitrary edict obliges hundreds of people to take exercise who otherwise, having time to think about hours, would take none. I do not say that the Ranger himself thought of this; but even a Duke must now and then be right by chance.

How strange are the whims of fashion! If Hyde Park had a soul—and sometimes, when one looks at it through the twilight evening mist, one thinks it has—that is what it would be saying. Fashion deserted it when Clapham ran a special train for Church Parade. Then fashion went back to its old allegiance when cycling became a vogue, deserting it soon after when the sandy pathways of Battersea were discovered. By-and-by, the rank and beauty of the town vanished suddenly from Battersea as snow in February vanishes when the south wind stirs. And now they are back again. On many a day recently Battersea Park has been so thronged with bicycles that it has been positively perilous to ride—as well fly through the Strand at noon. The explanation, after all, is simple. The track round Battersea Park is undoubtedly the best in London, if not, indeed, in England.

The Belgian Government have set a good example to other countries by undertaking to construct special tracks for cycling along many roads in the country, and in Brussels a special pavement, suitable to cyclists, will be laid down in the streets. The date for holding the fifth Salon du Cycle is now definitely settled. The show will open on March 13, and close on the 21st.

I read that a bicycle club has recently been formed in Venice, which one would regard as the last place in which the iron steed would be at home. I presume the members will ride round the public gardens (though, to the best of my recollection, they are of very limited extent), or along the sandy roads of the Lido. The narrow streets and up-and-down bridges of Venice would prove difficult for a cyclist to negotiate, even were a bicycle allowed in such attenuated thoroughfares. Indeed, the picture of a bicyclist riding over the Venetian bridges is somewhat suggestive of a performance on the stage of the Westminster Aquarium!

The following remark of the sprightly Yvette Guilbert, apropos of "rational" dress, is going the round of the papers: "Bloomairs belong to ze men, and when woman she put on ze habilimon of ze man, *mon Dieu!* ze man may array himself in ze habilimon of ze woman."

Among enthusiastic stage cyclists must be reckoned little Miss Sybil Arundale. Though from the way she sang her dolly-song at the Shaftesbury lately you would have thought that she was still at home in the nursery, she revels in the whirling wheel.



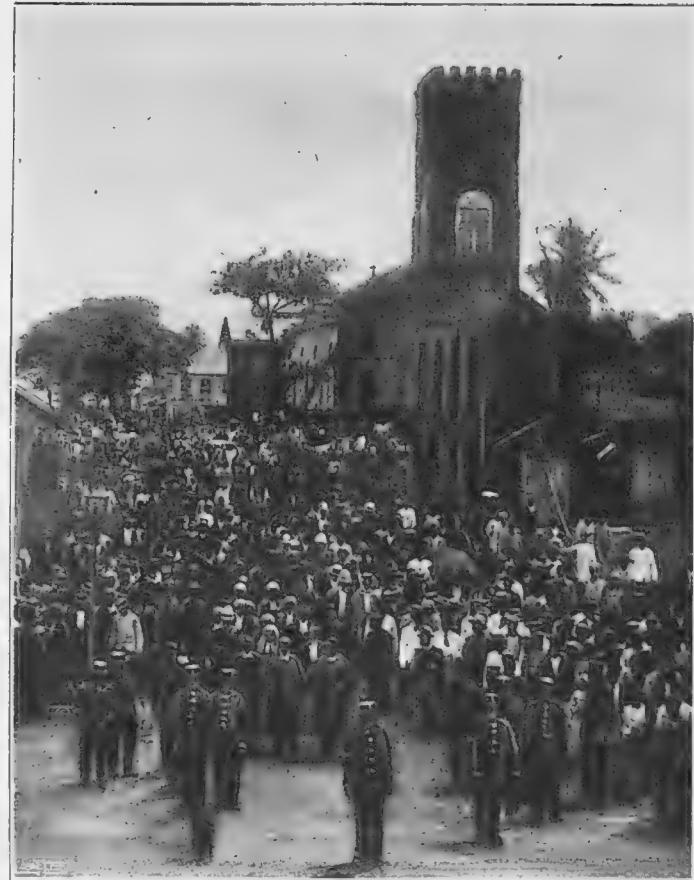
MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE.
Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

MURDER AS A RELIGIOUS CREED.

Murder as a fine art seems but a fantastic idea, the outcome of the Opium-Eater's brain. But murder as a creed is a familiar horror to our countrymen in some of our possessions. For example, at Sierra Leone the religion of murder is practised by natives known as the Human Leopard sect. The members of this gang dress themselves in leopard-skins and wait in the jungle like the beast of prey to pounce on a human victim. The wretch is torn to pieces by three-pronged claws. A portion of his flesh is eaten, and the fat from the heart is boiled down and made into a fetish medicine. A case occurred recently in which a member of the sect, James Kittel, a native of Freetown (who was a man of some education), engaged a bushman, Perriwah by name, to murder a watchman as a sacrifice in the Sherbro country. They were caught by the Frontier Force, under the command of Captain Blyth Pratt, and publicly hanged at Gambia, the execution being carried out in July by the Under-Sheriff, Mr. F. Valentine, strictly in accordance with Newgate regulations. The prisoners were dressed completely in white, with dress-shirts and white caps, which had a gruesome appearance on black men. They were attended to the last by the Reverend Canon Spain. A curious native custom takes place directly the prisoners drop. Three civil policemen break the black flags they are carrying over the dead bodies. The prisoners, who spoke a few words from the scaffold, declaimed their innocence to the end. The natives of the place, however, made no demonstration. In fact, the greater number expressed their confidence in the justice of the sentence. Apropos of this crime, it may be noted that an old-world ceremony has been revived at Sierra Leone, thanks to the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Bruce Hindle. After an Assize Service had been held in St. George's Cathedral, a procession was formed and proceeded to the Court House. First came his Honour in his robes of ermine, and then followed the officers of the Court in their robes of

The creed of murder has also been responsible for a terrible carnage at Sunari, a small station on the Sind-Pishin section of the North-Western Railway, far away on the Afghan frontier. On Oct. 14 the station was attacked by seven or eight Mahomedan fanatics belonging to the Tingiani section of the Marri tribe, led by a man named Kalakhan, better known as the "Mast Fakir." My correspondent goes on to say—

Suddenly appearing on the railway platform, they said they had a complaint to make. The Sikh policeman on duty was asked to call the station-master, and, as he turned to do so, was shot down. A European platelayer, Edward Canning, son of the station-master of Sibi, hearing the disturbance, is supposed to have come out of his room, when the Fakir fired at him, but his gun missed fire. Canning, being unarmed, turned to run, when he was shot by another Ghazi, named Jalamb. Kalakhan, the Fakir, then, with the assistance of the others, hacked him, one sword-cut alone almost severing the head from the trunk. After further mutilating the body, the Ghazis went for the station-master, a Mahomedan, whom the Ghazis should not have molested, as they are supposed to kill only Kaffirs, or unbelievers. He was so seriously wounded that he died later in the same day. The Ghazis then attacked the only Bunnia (grocer) shop, and, not satisfied with first killing the Bunnia, they put him in the middle of the shop and set fire to the concern. Having murdered seven men, they decamped. Troops were immediately telegraphed for by Lieut.-Colonel Gaisford, the Political Agent (as a general rising appeared imminent from reports received), to guard all stations from Harnai to Sibi. General Gatacre, who had only just assumed command of the Quetta District, immediately left for Sunari, and on the 24th ult. received information that the Ghazis were hiding on the Dungan Hill. Taking only twenty men of the 24th Baluchistan Regiment (three other small parties, consisting of ten or twenty men each, were also out in other directions), he succeeded in surprising their camp, where three



THE ASSIZE COURT SERVICE AT SIERRA LEONE.

of the Ghazis—Fakir Kalakhan (the Mast Fakir), Jalamb, and Rahimuli—were fast asleep. After a short struggle they were bound, and, cowards as they were, they informed the gallant General that their three comrades, Mezhdar, Saindad, and Kaka, had gone for water and would shortly return. As they were saying this, these others were seen about two hundred and fifty yards away, advancing towards the party; but on seeing the Sepoys, they turned and fled. Two of them were afterwards captured. Fakir Kalakhan, Jalamb, and



RAHIMULI.



THE MAST FAKIR.



JALAMB.

office, the Court Crier bearing the Mace, and finally a flock of barristers. The whole population of Sierra Leone entered into the spirit of the thing, and during the short service, which was supplemented by an excellent sermon delivered by the Colonial Chaplain, the large Cathedral was filled with an attentive congregation.

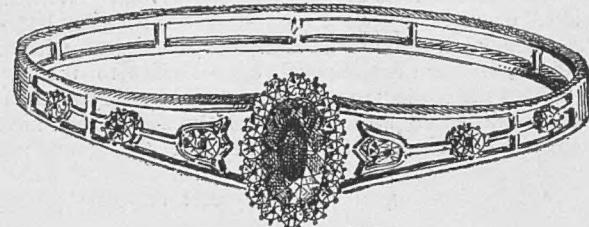
Rahimuli, whose photographs are herewith sent, were publicly hanged and burned on Nov. 2. Besides the seven men killed at Sunari, four other men of the gang were killed on the following day (Oct. 15) near Dalujal, about fourteen miles from Sunari. Ghaza is supposed to be a meritorious act, and a Ghazi who commits Ghaza, or takes the life of a Kaffir, or unbeliever, believes that he obtains sure entry to Blisht, or Heaven.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

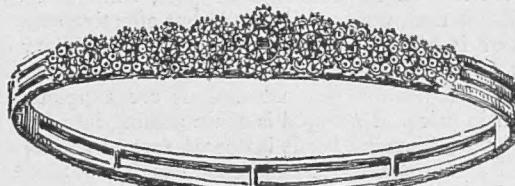
THE GENTLE ART OF CHRISTMAS-PRESENT GIVING.

Among many weaknesses that flesh is heir to, perhaps the most incurable, but surely also the most guileless, is that which, for want of a better word, I will call receptivity. We all adore getting presents, although we may deprecate the soft impeachment; but, of all times and seasons when the gracious gift of giving brings additional and particular

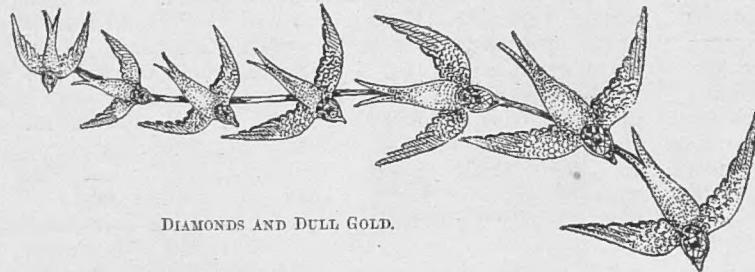
place for this wide-spreading wave of kindly feeling which still endures at the old year's end, and lifts us on its summit out of personal cares to a universal, if even only temporary, sense of "peace and goodwill." Meanwhile, to reduce these benevolent abstractions to a concrete course of action is but the natural outcome of the moment, and, amid the bewildering and many-sided temptations of London shops just now, one may well indeed draw rein and ask how and where to begin our pleasant peregrinations. The whole crux of present-giving lies, after all is said and done, in suiting your purchases to your people.



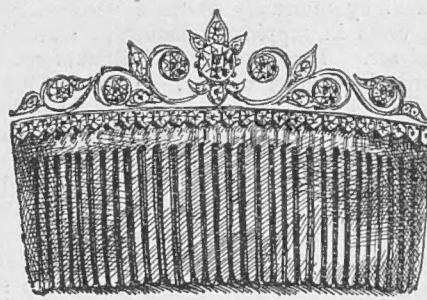
PERIDOT AND DIAMONDS.



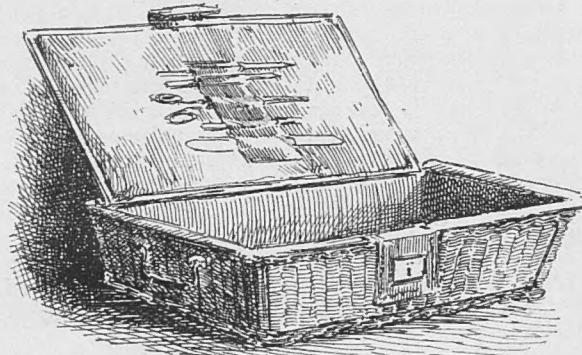
A BRACELET OF BRILLIANTS.



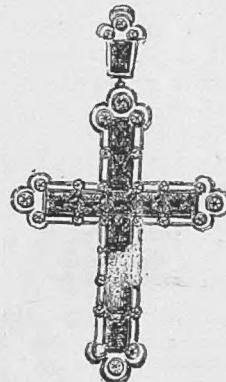
DIAMONDS AND DULL GOLD.



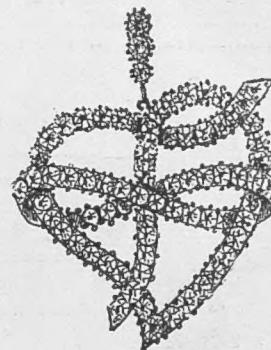
SMART SIDE-COMB.



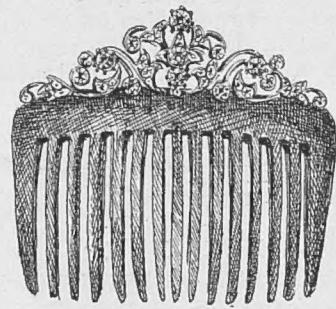
A WRITING-TABLE TIDY BOX.



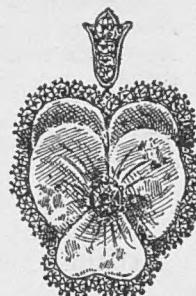
SAPPHIRES, BRILLIANTS, AND WHITE ENAMEL.



A CHARMING BROOCH.



LOUIS QUATORZE DESIGN.



AN OPAL AND DIAMOND PENDANT.



THE NEW CRANGE-SAUCER.

MAPPIN AND WEBB'S CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

joy to donor and recipient, Christmas-time is best and chiefest. For, scoff we never so cynically about family gatherings and the goodwill perforce that custom still enforces "once a year," our hearts and purse-strings yet seem to open of themselves somehow as merry Yule-tide comes again, for, as the observant man may gather, there is, after all, a great deal of human nature left in the world. Even the most selfish and self-centred will discover that, from a purely physiological point of view, the verb to give conjugates pleasurable sensations unknown to the human oyster who lives merely in and for his own uninteresting and lonely *Ego*. Therefore, that ancient but ever new philosophy of Santa Claus bids us, young and old alike, hang up our stocking at Christmas; and I, for one, think the world a better

Mappin and Webb, I may here remark, have stores of gold and silver plate, jewellery, watches, and other "fine things and superfine things" with which to lure the bank-notes from willing pockets. Among the many fanciful and graceful trifles with which we greet one another at this season of all others, I notice that Mappin and Webb's list of novelties is a particularly strong one, both at the Oxford Street and Cheapside warehouses. This leather-lined basket which I have had sketched, for example, with scissors, pen, ivory paper-knife, and other writing-table accessories outlined against its crimson morocco lid, will also hold tidily and privately our tender or tentative correspondence, or even the necessary evil of bills, its lid fastening with a Bramah lock, which safely hides unsightly papers from view. Carriage address-books

in crushed morocco, with note-book and ivory tablets, are useful and inexpensive at twenty-five shillings. Note-books and silver-mounted purses, made up, after the French fashion, in satin-lined cases for presentation, make, too, most attractive appearance. A capital present for card-playing folk is the smart morocco box of counters in all colours, which are now got up in florin size. Square silver playing-card boxes, which compactly hold two packs, will appeal to whist-players—the smaller size, to hold patience cards, only costing two guineas. Dainty dishes for jam or marmalade are surrounded by a wreath of silver holly-leaves, the berries in scarlet enamel making cause with a redbreast at the handle; to sweet-toothed lovers of honey, a crystal bee, with silver wings and head, will recommend itself; and the tea-caddy, now once more in five o'clock evidence, is seductively presented in Louis Quinze designs of much beauty. The new orange-saucer, which is sketched here, is in the last cry of fashionable dessert implements, and originally hails from America, where our method of eating the golden fruit has never obtained; decidedly, too, the transatlantic notion is an improvement on ours. As will be seen, the orange is fixed in a silver grip, or claw, the top is sliced off, and with a sharp-pointed spoon the juice and pulp easily extracted, leaving all impediments of peel, skin, and so forth behind. The wonder is that, seeing this simple but effective contrivance, we did not think of it before. Mappin and Webb's jewellery department has proved a conspicuous success, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that the most artistic and original designs are supplemented by extreme moderation in price. Dull gold is again coming into favour, and a flight of swallows with diamond heads is one of several unique corsage ornaments designed by Mappin's. A large opal, cut to simulate a pansy, surrounded by a circle of brilliants, makes a particularly smart brooch. Side-combs, without which no self-respecting woman walks abroad nowadays, are glorified by unusually graceful designs, two of which are reproduced. A cross in sapphires, diamonds, and white enamel was really a work of art. Bracelets, with brilliants set flat in the new manner, are shown in endless variety. I was affected to extremest envy by one which showed a large peridot—that lovely pale-green stone—set in a circlet of flashing diamonds. Two diamond brooches, one a sheaf of corn, tied up in an enchanting knot, and the other a peacock-feather, with deep-blue sapphire eye, exhausted my vocabulary of epithets, and did any yet remain I should apply them to the noble army of watches, which, from the solid, sensible hunter, to the most frivolous Liliputian encrusted with brilliants, equally, one and all, maintain Mappin and Webb's reputation for being "up to time."

Where one woman will cry quits with Fate for a box of cigarettes, another can as deeply love a set of sauté-pans, the silly as well as the serious being, like the poor, always with us. Not that I hold lightly the consumption of the paper-rolled weed, by any means.

I should think the "Japhet in Search of an Inspiration" may safely argue that it will certainly come to him at 60, Piccadilly.

Those on decorative matters of the household intent will find examples of the highest ceramic art, English and Continental, at Osler's world-famous house in Oxford Street—a show-room which was not long since declared by a Royal and Imperial personage who visited it to be the handsomest room in Europe. Visiting Osler's, one may indeed feel that in one branch of art, at least, England has put her foot foremost in the race. Minton, Coalport, and the incomparable wares of Worcester are here displayed at their very best. A visit to this exhibition of native fine arts is enough, furthermore, to shake one's long-cherished belief in the superiority of old china, for modern examples of the foregoing and other art centres are now on view which, for beauty of tone, form, and finish, absolutely excel all old-world tradition. Novelties in glass abound as well. We are reverting to other times in this as well as other matters of the moment, and the high, tapering, bell-shaped sherry- and champagne-beakers of our grandfathers are once more a fashion of the dinner-table. How much most women would appreciate the gift of their gold- or silver-topped cut-glass scent-decanters, with the favourite perfume "White Rose," "Rhine Violets," or other essence engraved in scintillating letters, I need not say. Then, also, novelties in finely engraved glass, with ormolu mounts, for dinner decorations, appeal on all sides to the aspiring hostess who wishes not alone "to do things well," but better than anybody else. Groups of delicately modelled French bronzes, which have become such a vogue for electric lighting from the most picturesque possible point of view, are also shown in charming variety, and Osler's wall-brackets, with long fuchsia-shaped shades of finest cut-glass, give quite the most brilliant and beautiful effect imaginable.

Apropos of nothing, I suppose it is a sign of our decadent times that, when one's men friends—or shall I say acquaintances?—want to be very civil, they send cigarettes nowadays, instead of the former sweet and childish chocolate. If men were wise they would leave these extremes alone, however, and choose the safe middle course of scent. Distilled sweet waters are always a joy to luxurious womanhood, and whether you have acquired the later-day vanity of Turkish tobacco, on one hand, or still hold to the classic love of lollipops on the other, it is equally certain that a box of, say, Rhine Violets perfume will oust both rivals in the joy of its possession. No "Champak odours" that ever were sung or smelled could, I am deeply convinced, have approached this delicate and quite delicious perfume, and Bond Street has certainly put forth one more strong attraction for lovely woman all over the world since No. 62 has been made the official dépôt for the sale of this exquisite decoction. Three bottles of Rhine Violets, made up in a satin-lined leather case for the humble equivalent of 15s. 6d., would, as a *gage d'amitié*, be inexpressibly welcome. The Maréchal Niel of this already famous firm is equally faithful to the odour of the flower from which it takes its name as their Rhine Violets, and is likewise achieving as widespread a popularity. Sachets, soap, and powder, with this magic name prefixed, ever command the deeply seated affections of the sex; so much so, indeed, that it may be safely averred as a never-failing guide, "When in doubt" send Rhine Violets. I cannot abandon this theme of sweet essences without a word in praise of the now universally used 4711 Eau de Cologne. Such *Kölnwasser* never, surely, was since the Cathedral first began, and those smart new oxidised cases of untarnishable gilt metal, into which a bottle fits tidily and ornamentally, are an admirable accompaniment to this indispensable fluid.

While on the subject of essences and toilet-waters, by the way, I am reminded of that capital little spray-producer which the French Hygienic Company, of Conduit Street, have introduced with so much success. Efficient in results and simple in form, were I a coiner of phrases, I would call it the very best face-fétiliser ever produced. If it does not give a complexion, it ought, and the cuticle must indeed be of Mongolian tradition to which it will not bring a healthy, natural colour.

SYBIL.

NATIONAL SKATING PALACE, ARGYLL STREET, W.

TIMES OF SESSIONS.

10.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.	3s.
3.0 p.m. to 6 p.m.	5s.
7.30 p.m. to 11.0 p.m.	3s.

PALACE CLUB (SUNDAYS ONLY) SUBSCRIPTION £3 3s.
FULL PARTICULARS OF THE MANAGER.

COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

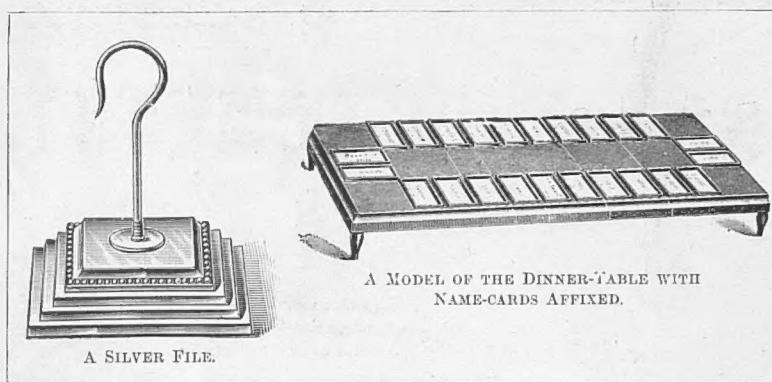
PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Dec. 2, 1896.

Signature.....



CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AT WEBSTER'S.

Perish the thought! Only to-day did I covet and deeply envy some new cigarette-cases in silver, with various names in gold lettering written across, which Webster, long a pillar of Piccadilly annals, has brought out for the greater glorification of dainty smokers. In men's cigarette-cases this notion is particularly good, and "Jack" or "Charlie," or whatever he is, may indeed count himself a lucky fellow if confronted with such a charming *cadeau* on his Christmas morning breakfast-plate. An invaluable letter-case of crushed morocco leather, which Webster calls his "fixture wallet," has all the 1897 racing events on one side, with the year's calendar as a *vis-à-vis*, and whether silver-mounted or plain, it is unequivocally a thing to cry for. Then there are oval-shaped tobacco-boxes in silver for him who loveth the comforting pipe; manicure fittings of chased silver in long, slim cases of rough morocco inexpressibly dainty; fitted bicycle-bags, with all the paraphernalia of every possible want; handle-bar watches, easily affixed by a single screw to the "bike"; tiny bronze busts on onyx pedestals; silver bowls with wire supports for roses or chrysanthemums, and, if women knew what an air this flower-filled silver bowl gives her fireside table, not a drawing-room would want one—it is truly a present to be received with delight. All this and much more does one see at Webster's, which only want of space forbids one to remember. But the novelty which struck me as one of their best effects was a small model of the dinner-table, with name-cards affixed, by which the butler can at once point out to a guest his place at the biggest dinner-party—an invaluable idea for hostesses with much entertaining to do. There is also a silver file for the unanswered notes, bills, memos, or other correspondence of a busy writing-table, at an absurdly low price, and of incontestable use and prettiness. From which *résumé*

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Dec. 10.

THE ACCOUNT.

Contrary to expectation, the Settlement was concluded last week without any serious consequences. Prices in several of the departments firmed up at the last moment and reduced some of the heavy losses which would otherwise have occurred. Notwithstanding this, however, the "bulls" were badly hit, and had big differences to square up. The decline in the Mining Market was general, although the losses were considerably reduced by "bear" coverings towards the end of the Account.

STOCK EXCHANGE AMENITIES.

A very pretty domestic quarrel has arisen in the Stock Exchange and the Managers and Committee are, for the time, estranged. We do not know whether they speak when they pass each other in the street. All the difficulty is as to whether the proprietors of the Stock Exchange, as shareholders, or the Committee, as representing the members, are to have the benefit of the profit to be derived from "buying in" and "selling out," which profit is now to be collected by a special department established *ad hoc*. The annual sum involved is a very large one, and is worth fighting over. The scale of charges is most iniquitous, and we trust that whichever side secures the booty, it will be part of the reformed organisation that these fees should be reduced to something like a reasonable level. It is a notorious fact that, under the present system, brokers will do anything in reason rather than enforce the obnoxious penalties of the present scale.

Meantime it is far from edifying to find the resentment between the various governing bodies so acute that, when an inquirer goes for information to one department, all responsibility is disclaimed, and the inquirer is sent on to another department, thence to department number three, and so on indefinitely. What was the remark about a "House" divided against itself? We welcome the publicity given to the circumstances attending this old-established monopoly. Its abolition would remove one very serious ground of legitimate complaint which the public has against the organisation of the London Stock Exchange.

HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway Market is hibernating, otherwise we should have seen last week a sharp rally in the stocks. Taking twenty of the leading companies, we find that, in the twenty-first week of the half-year (the seventeenth week for the Scottish lines), there were but two decreases recorded, and these were not of an appalling amount. Compared with the corresponding week of the previous year, the London, Tilbury, and Southend suffered to the extent of £45, and the Metropolitan District to the extent of £107. On the other hand, we have such increases for the week as £6456 on the Great Eastern, £9163 on the North-Western, £9926 on the North-Eastern, and £20,176 on the Midland. It is not at all an uncommon experience that there should be a period of stagnation just before the time at which dividend forecasts are beginning to be formulated; and the tendencies which lead to this are accentuated on the present occasion by the fact that the prices had been rather unduly inflated by cheap money, and that the effects of good traffic are handicapped consequently by its becoming dearer.

LADY HAMPTON.

The plot thickens regarding the alleged rig in Lady Hampton shares. Before these lines appear in print there may have been some fresh development which will finally settle the matter; it may even by that time be a matter *sub judice*, and we therefore abstain from comment on the merits of the case, and shall content ourselves with saying that it is a mere dispute between, on the one hand, "bears" who cannot repurchase the shares they have sold in order to complete their commitments, and, on the other hand, the holders of the shares who got them under circumstances which are being investigated by the Stock Exchange Committee, and may possibly form the subject of investigation by a legal tribunal. We do not think, however, that it is likely the affair will come to this point. If it does, the case will probably afford the public some interesting information as to how markets are made—and unmade. Current report says that, unless the Committee interfere, one of the best-known pioneers of West Australian Mines will suffer to the tune of a quarter of a million.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

The table showing the aggregate value of 325 representative securities compiled month by month by the *Banker's Magazine* is always interesting. For the month ending Nov. 21 our contemporary is able to chronicle an increase of over forty million pounds sterling in the securities dealt with. This increase nearly wipes out the loss which occurred in the previous month. Strange to say, the stocks which suffered most during that period are now responsible for the principal gains in November. British Funds have not only recovered the loss sustained in October, but have actually improved beyond that point to the extent of a million, and that in the face of dearer money. English Railway Ordinary Stocks have risen £8,600,000, and foreign Government securities, despite the heavy depreciation of Brazilian bonds, have improved as much as £6,000,000. The higher rates ruling for money have led to an appreciation of a little over 2 per cent. in the shares of English banks. The ten representative mines show a heavy fall of over four millions, or 10·7 per cent.; but, of

course, it must be kept in mind that, as regards mines, the "Official List" is absolutely useless.

We do not blame the Committee for this. They have laid down certain rules, compliance with which is necessary for a quotation. These rules are very badly in need of somebody to revise them and bring them into line with current business. The most important market for years past has been the Mining department, and yet it is the only one regarding which the "Official List" conveys no information of any value. For information as to prices the public has to rely upon the Tape and the daily papers. We should be very pleased to know why this very important class of business is practically ignored, while American Rails take such a prominent place in the "Official List." Have the American Railroad companies complied with all the conditions exacted from companies of British origin? If not, why the distinction?

COMPANIES WINDING-UP.

According to the Report issued by the Board of Trade, this department has been able to show a surplus for the year ending March 31. This compares with a deficit of £981 for the previous year. Although it has been a comparatively quiet period of late in the Winding-up Department, yet we have every reason to fear that the activity which has prevailed in the way of company-promoting will eventually make itself felt in a revival of prosperity for winding-up officials, whether under Government auspices or otherwise. The tendency, however, seems to be against the Official Receivers' Department. Shareholders and creditors aggrieved by the conduct of directors or promoters used to vote for compulsory liquidation, with all its disadvantages of cost and tedium, in the hope that the persons by whom they had been aggrieved might be brought to book by means of a public examination. But a deadlock has now arisen. The House of Lords has decided that the Official Receiver cannot ask for such an order unless he accuses somebody specifically of fraud; and the Official Receivers naturally decline to assume the judicial functions thus thrust upon them. Apart from the opprobrium which would result from an examination which did not result in substantiating such a charge, the shareholders and creditors would be incensed at their money being wasted, more especially as the terms of the House of Lords' decision practically prohibit the production of extraneous evidence. The whole business is a *reductio ad absurdum*.

THE SINGER CYCLE COMPANY.

The announcement of an interim dividend, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, on the Ordinary shares of this company has quickly brought the price up to par. The accounts are in every respect satisfactory, and fully bear out the opinions we have expressed in these columns as to the sound business possessed by the company. The profits have exceeded those indicated in the prospectus by over £20,000, the actual profit being no less than £79,000. Besides distributing 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares and 5½ per cent. on the Preference, the directors are able to place the sum of £50,000 to reserve, as well as to carry a large balance forward. The market is evidently beginning to realise the worth of these shares, for a considerable business is being transacted in them. Presumably, the "bears" and the "stags" have now been got rid of, and the shares are to have a fair run on their intrinsic merits.

ELSWICK CYCLE SHARES.

Several correspondents complain that although we recommended these shares they have been unable to purchase them. We have made inquiries, and find that the quotations given in the cycling press are purely nominal. There are no sellers, as far as we can find out, at the quoted price of 18s. 6d. If any reader can find a seller at that figure, we advise him to close the deal.

HUMBER AND CO.

It is just a year ago since this company was reconstructed, and the success it has since met with fully justifies that rearrangement. The directors, when they made out their reconstruction, promised a dividend of at least 8 per cent.; but they have exceeded this promise and returned to the shareholders 12½ per cent. for the year. The trading and subsidiary profits for the past year amounted to £66,251, which is an excellent result considering the loss the company sustained by the total destruction of their Coventry works by fire in July last. The only serious fault to be found in the annual report is the absence of any reserve fund, and we trust the directors will soon be able to insert this important item.

MOTOR-CARS.

Mr. Harry J. Lawson is on the war-path once again. This time he modestly asks for only three millions from the long-suffering British public for a concern called the British Motor Syndicate. Need we say we advise our readers not to touch it with the longest barge-pole, much less to put into it any little money sundry members of them may have to spare? The way the man Lawson describes himself is most amusing, "President of the Motor-Car Club," "Founder of the Safety Bicycle Industry," "Chairman of the Beeston Tyre Company." Magnificent! sublime! Why not Founder (splendid word!) of Moore and Burgess, Limited, the Scottish Issue Company, Limited, the British Cattle Foods, Limited, the Hounslow Brewery, Limited, the Discount Banking Company of England and Wales, Limited, Venice, Limited, or of —? but, in mercy, let us draw a veil.

We have consistently opposed the absurd motor flotations with which the man Lawson has been associated, not only because he was mixed up in them, but because the capitals of the whole "brood" are, in our opinion, inflated beyond all reason, not to say beyond all chance of proving remunerative to the investor. The prospectus of this Motor-Car Syndicate is one of those documents which make the thoughtful reader wonder at the poor sort of stuff considered good enough to attract the money of the investing public. Even the Brighton fiasco on Nov. 14, which we had imagined would have been a thing for the motor promoters to weep over, not to parade, is dignified, with splendid verbosity, into a gigantic success; but, after all, those who read will learn that the *raison d'être* of the whole issue is to purchase from the man Lawson certain patents at prices not set out. The beginning and the end of most Lawsonian promotions are the same.

We say, with a full sense of responsibility, that, in our opinion, those who purchase motor patents to-day at big prices are idiots, for there is hardly one which can by the wildest dream of imagination be called a master patent, and we prophesy that in twelve months the whole lot will be antiquated and altogether out of date. Nobody can save fools from their own folly, but we, at least, will have no part in it. There are rumours of litigation as to Mr. Thomas Humber going on the directorate, but how true they are we do not know. Probably our readers will see before these lines are in print.

It is to be regretted that Mr. E. T. Hooley should have allowed his name to appear upon this prospectus, even as broker. If he had seen the pictures and the general get-up of the whole thing, he would never have allowed himself to be made use of, we feel sure.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The attention of the Mining Market is being directed towards British Columbia, and already several exploration companies have been formed. *The Sketch* likes to keep abreast of the times, and we have, therefore, made arrangements with a correspondent in that Colony to furnish us with letters as to the prospects and doings taking place upon the spot. The first serious letter will appear, with illustrations, next week, and will refer to the proposed Crow's Nest Pass Railway. Meanwhile, the following is an extract from a private letter we have received from our correspondent—

I shall try to make the articles up to date, and shall adopt a little conservative caution, because it is necessary. There appears to be a perfect exodus of men to London, where, no doubt, overdrawn pictures of the existing wealth in the Kootenay districts will be presented. Many of these people are intent upon making large fortunes before the development of the country justifies it. In short, they want all there is in it, "and the devil take the hindmost."

The gold- and silver-fields are really most promising, the silver deposits being pronounced by experts, in many cases, absolutely marvellous; but that is no reason for over-capitalisation. Rossland is going to be permanent, for, the deeper the mining, the richer the output becomes. Numbers are keeping their ore on the "dumps," having bonded the properties, or being desirous of "showing up" well under inspection. Mining and living in the Trail district (which includes Trail and Rossland) are not expensive, and my impression is that, with sufficient machinery, skilled labour, and intelligent superintendence, the ore product from the mountains between Trail and Rossland, say a distance of seven or eight miles, should within twelve months, from systematic operation, produce £100,000 (500,000 dols.) per month. I shall at all times be glad to give you any information required, being conversant with all that is going on.

THE MINING MARKET.

The position here is such that, under ordinary circumstances, we should say a rise was probable, especially in Kaffirs; but, although the speculative "bull" accounts, which for months have caused so much trouble, are pretty well cleared out of the way, the public obstinately refuses to take a hand in putting prices up, and, without the stimulus of small investors buying, the professionals can do but little.

Many of the dividend-paying mines, such as Bonanza (always a favourite of ours, as our readers well know), City and Suburban, Crown Reefs, Henry Nourse, and several others, seem fair purchases for holders who can afford to lock up and take dividends for a while, until the general level of prices begins to improve. We are inclined to say Randfonteins might be averaged at the reduced price they now command.

The success of the Chartered issue has improved the price a trifle. We advised shareholders to take up their new shares, and we advise them to hold for a bit—not that we have any belief in the dividend-earning capacity of the company, or in the finality of the present capital, but we think the chances are that the value of shares will improve for a while. The speculator should watch his opportunity with care in mines at present, for the best way to make money, as matters stand, is to go in and out quickly, buying after a bad day and being content with small profits.

NEW ISSUES.

S. J. Waring and Sons, Limited.—We have already said that this concern appeared to us a good one (Nov. 11), and now that the full prospectus is before us our opinion is confirmed. The debentures appear amply secured, and the preference shares should rank with the best of their class.

James Harris and Chate, Limited.—Seventy thousand 6 per cent. preference shares are offered for subscription. We do not like the form of the auditors' certificate. It would have been far better to give the years separately, and we suspect there is some reason for not doing so.

Atlantic and Danville Railway Five per Cent. First Mortgage Gold Bonds.—Yankees are in favour, and this appears to be a good bond.

Derby, Nott, and Co., Limited.—This appears a good industrial concern, and the 6 per cent. preference shares should prove a satisfactory investment. We think the company has every prospect of proving a good one.

The Torrington and Okehampton Railway Company.—These shares appear better suited for local people than for the general investor.

Saturday, Nov. 28, 1896.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INVESTMENT.—We have always thought badly of this concern and the people connected with it. See what we said about Asbestos in our issue of Nov. 11.

MUMBLES.—All the shares in your list are good. We see no reason to sell.

ANXIOUS TIME.—In the face of the bought and sold notes, we doubt if you would get off, especially as the agreement was only a verbal one. If he brought an action against you, of course, he would have to prove that he made the bargains. The whole case would very much depend on the judge who tried it.

ELSWICK.—If you buy a copy of *Cycling*, or almost any of the papers devoted to that sport, you will find the shares quoted. The price is said to be about 18s., and we think them a good purchase, but see our "Notes."

INVEST.—You do not say whether you want the various shares for investment or speculation. (1) We should sell and buy New Premier, Elswick, or Swift. (2) We know it to have been a swindle and the prospectus full of all sorts of misrepresentations. See the report of the meeting in the financial papers of Saturday, Nov. 27. (3) We have no special information.

M. C.—We believe both concerns mentioned by you to have been swindles, and we advise you to sell to the first person you can find foolish enough to buy. We do not undertake commissions or answer letters except subject to Rule 5.

E. G. C.—We wrote you fully on the 26th inst.

ERIN.—(1) We think quite safe. (2) For the present hold, but get out when you can obtain a reasonable profit. (3) We really don't know. (4) We think it is a risky concern, but hold your share as a gamble. (5) Deal with an honest member of the Stock Exchange, or, if you have bankers, sell through them.

CANADIAN.—All reasonable speculative purchases.

MOUNT.—We hope you have got our letter of the 26th inst.

W. E. E. R.—(1) Do not touch this concern with the longest barge-pole. (2) Refuse to part with your shares under par. (3) We think so. (4) Our opinion of the Mining Market, as a whole, is such that we would not buy any of the things you mention, except for a quick profit. If (a), (b), and (c) have a bad day, they might be worth buying for the purpose of a sale at a small profit. To make money you will have to be in and out.

J. F. M.—We wrote you fully on Nov. 26.

ABBOTT.—We have no reliable information, but our opinion is against it.

L. L. O.—Letters are never written except in accordance with Rule 5, and we are not allowed to give names of brokers in the paper. Your business seems worth a man's while to look after. (a), (b), (c), and (d) we have a poor opinion of, especially the first two; (e), (f), and (g) are fair speculative purchases.

P. C. E.—We answered your letter on Nov. 25.

G. M. A.—(1) We don't like J. Lyons and Co., and would have nothing to do with the shares. (2) As a speculation Johannesburg Investment may turn out well. (3) Hannan's True Blue is, so far as present developments go, a failure.

REX.—Little Chathams are not a bad speculative purchase. Lock them up and sell when you see a fair profit. A dividend is for years outside the bounds of practical finance; but, when £100 stock stands at £18, what do you expect? If a dividend were even within the bounds of possibility, the price would be nearer £50.

UNDERGRAD.—You evidently know more about cricket than finance. It is too late to apply for Paquin shares; they may not be a bad thing to buy in the market, and you will not have to pay till the special settlement, say, in two or three months' time. We prefer the preference shares of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, which we know to be a certain 5½ per cent. investment.

ZERO.—We cannot explain. Probably there are more sellers than buyers. We should hold, and get out in the height of the bicycle season, for the company is sure to do well for a time. We have either mislaid your fourteen enclosed questions or you forgot to send them. If the former, we apologise; if the latter, we are thankful for small mercies.

KAFFIR.—We have no information as to Taylor's Matabele Goldfields. Ask Mr. Henry Hess, of the *African Critic*. We don't believe in Rhodesian gold-mines.

JAM.—(1) Fair. (2) Good Industrial. (3) Very high, considering the dividend. (4) A good concern. (5, 6, 7, 8, and 9) Ditto. As a list of Industrial concerns, subject to the risks of trade, you could hardly improve on it. Ely Brothers and John Lovey might be added.

C. H. M. (Regina).—We cannot read your signature; please send us your name in a readable form.

DEMERARA.—Your *nom-de-guerre* is illegible. The brewery shares you mention are quite unknown on the London Market, and we are told by several of the largest jobbers that they have never had a bargain in them. We hear that locally the concern bears a good name.

ZOO.—Except White Feather Reward, we have no faith in any of your mines. Whether the present is a good time to get out is another matter.

INDIAN.—We think you should hold 1 and 2, which are good dividend-payers; 3 and 4 are more doubtful, but we are inclined to think well of them.

RICHMOND.—(1) Anaconda are a good property, and, with any improvement in the price of copper, the shares are sure to go up. (2) We cannot see the big rise in Coats' shares at present price. (3) The Gibraltar is a good mine, we hear. (4) Hold Menzies Golden Age. The water trouble is the great drawback to this mine.

H. O. B.—The Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, is sure to find the gentleman.

CLYDE.—We really cannot promise to pick out the single grains of wheat from the bag of chaff. Our opinion is: (1) A hopeless concern, never had any gold, and we have always warned readers against it. The rest of your list are fair mining risks. If the shares were ours, we should sell, because we expect things will be worse before they are better, but we may be wrong in this.